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## THE ADVENTURES OF A PRISONER OF WAR.

*Being the Personal Experiences of Lance-Corporal Ellis (now Professor Ellis, of the School of Practical Science of Toronto) in the Fenian Raid Campaign of 1866.*

THROUGHOUT the winter of 1865-66 we in Canada had heard rumours of an intended Fenian invasion, and measures had been taken to meet it. The volunteers were called out for active service. There were in Toronto daily parades, and on the banks and Government buildings sentries were nightly posted, partly from the 16th Regiment, then quartered here, and partly from the Queen's Own and 10th, now the Royal Grenadiers, who furnished a guard on alternate nights. No. 9 Company of the Queen's Own, to which I belonged, was then made up of undergraduates of the University, and the lecture rooms and corridors were gay with uniforms. The winter passed away, however, without any hostile act, and everyone thought that the Fenians, if they had ever seriously contemplated a raid, had been discouraged by the resolute attitude of the Canadians, and that the danger had passed; when, on the last day of May, the news that the enemy were on Canadian soil came like a bolt from the blue. About eleven o'clock on the evening of that day I was reading for an examination that was to come off on the day following, when a knock at my door announced the entrance of a non-commissioned officer, bearing the order to parade at the drill shed at half-past

four next morning for active service on the frontier.

When the morning came it was found that it had been impossible to warn all the company the previous night, and I was detailed to look up the missing ones. We were too late for the first boat, but followed by a later one and reached Port Colborne in the gray of the morning, where we found the regiment embarked on a freight train, eating a frugal breakfast of bread and red herring, which we arrived too late to share. Starting from Port Colborne, we soon reached the village of Ridgeway, where we left the train, and quickly getting into our ranks, marched off along the road to Stevensville, where we expected to join the column under the command of Colonel Peacock, of the 16th Regiment. Our force consisted of the Queen's Own, the 13th Battalion of Hamilton, and the York and Caledonia volunteers, in all about 840 men, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Booker, of the 13th.

We marched along the Ridge road for about two miles, the Queen's Own leading. No. 5 Company formed the advance guard. This company had just been supplied with Spencer repeating rifles. The rest of the force were armed with muzzle-loading Enfields. Just

as we reached the summit of a gentle rise, we saw the advance party standing with their shakos on the end of their rifles—a signal which meant “the enemy is in sight, in force.”

From the slight elevation where we were standing we could see the road stretching before us for nearly a mile. Near us were woods, but in front, to the right and left of the road, were open fields, bordered on both sides and at some distance in front by woods. It was a beautiful day—the trees were clothed with the tender, delicate foliage of early summer, and the fields were green with young crops. From where we stood we could see nothing of the enemy, but we saw the advance guard extend from its centre and push on in skirmishing order. Nos. 1 and 2 Company were ordered to move up and extend on their left and right flanks respectively, and Nos. 3, 4 and 6 advanced in support. In a few minutes puffs of smoke from the skirmishers and from the woods and fences in front of them told that the action had begun.

Before long we heard the whistle of bullets in the air, and No. 7 Company was extended to the left in skirmishing order, with No. 8 (Trinity College Company) in support. This brought the University Company to the front of the column, but we did not long remain there. We were marched off to the right, extended, and told to lie down on a low, pebbly ridge, behind which grew some fine maple trees. Here we lay for a while, the bullets singing over our heads, and cutting off branches from the maple trees. In a few minutes Major Gillmor came up and ordered us to clear the woods on the right from which these bullets seemed to be coming. We jumped up and advanced in skirmishing order, supported by No. 10 Company, the Highlanders, from whom, however, we soon became separated in the thick woods, through which our course at first lay. After clearing the woods we came out into an open field. Behind the fence on the other side of the field we saw some men kneeling, and puffs

of smoke showed them to be in action. It was not at first clear whether they were friends or foes. Some of our men were about to fire on them, but Ensign Whitney, who was in command, called out, “Don’t fire, they may be our own men. Lie down and wait till I find out.” We lay down as directed, and watched him as he quietly walked forward for a hundred yards or so. Then he stopped, took a leisurely observation through his field glass, and turning round to us, called out, cheerfully, “All right, boys! They are the enemy. Fire away.” We ran up to him. Till we reached him he stood watching the enemy, apparently absolutely indifferent to the bullets that were whistling round him. We then crossed a road, where the Fenians had made a barricade of fence rails, and entered a field of young wheat, studded at intervals with black stumps. Here we could see no Fenians, but from behind fences, and from the woods in front of us, they kept up a hot fire. Our advance across this field was the most exciting part of the fight, and was conducted in this fashion: having selected a desirable stump at a convenient distance in front, we made a dash for it at full speed, and the moment we reached it we fell flat on our stomachs behind it. This was the signal for a shower of bullets, some of which whistled over our heads, some struck the stump, and some threw up the dust in the field beside us. As soon as our opponents had emptied their rifles, we fired at the puffs of smoke, reloaded, selected another stump, and so on, *da capo*. In this way we crossed the wheat field and entered another wood, through which we advanced under cover of the trees. Here we were a good deal annoyed by the fire of some of our own friends, who, not knowing our whereabouts, were firing into the wood from behind us. Sergeant Bryce—now the Rev. Professor Bryce, of Winnipeg—had taken post behind a fine, thick maple tree. Before long it became doubtful which side of the tree was the safest, and Bryce settled it by saying,

"I'd rather be hit before than behind," and deliberately placed himself in front of the tree. Beyond this wood was a recently-cleared field, and beyond that another wood in which we could plainly see the Fenians. We had begun to climb the fence into this cleared field, and indeed some of us were already there, when we heard the bugle sounding the retire. Whitney gave the word to us, and called back those who had crossed the fence. When we turned our backs on the Fenians, we had not the faintest suspicion of defeat. We had, up to the moment when we got the order to retire, steadily driven the Fenians before us, but we could see them in greatly superior numbers—there were only twenty-eight of us. We knew we had lost touch with our supports, and we supposed we were merely falling back to restore communication with them. Whitney had already sent back a sergeant to see what had become of the rest of the command and to ask for orders, but he had not returned, and we thought the bugle was a summons to us to rejoin our comrades, of whose success no doubts had entered our minds. All the same we soon found out the astonishing difference on the mental, moral and physical condition of the soldier under fire which is produced by the simple rotation of his body through an angle of 180°. The first sensation was of intense disgust at having to turn our backs on the enemy; the second the acute realization that we had had no breakfast that morning, and no supper nor sleep the night before, and that we were nearly dead beat. Up till that moment the thought of fatigue had never occurred to us, and we had felt as fresh as paint. Now it seemed as if it was impossible to drag one leg after the other. But then we felt that it would not do to be left behind, for there were the Fenians. Upon them our change of position had had a precisely opposite effect, and they followed us cheerfully with much shooting. When we reached the cross road a number of us stopped, and kneeling behind the fence opened a brisk fire upon the enemy, and for a

time checked their advance. But there were too many of them and their fire was too fatal. Mackenzie had fallen before the retreat began, shot through the heart, and now others were dropping fast. About this time Tempest and Newburn were killed, and Vandermissen, Paul, Kingsford and Patterson were wounded. In the cross road Tempest was next to me. Just after firing a shot he rose to his feet. He was a very tall fellow, and presented a conspicuous mark above the fence. Next moment I heard the sound of a dull, heavy blow, and saw him fall forward on his face. I ran to his side and found a small, round hole in his forehead. He had been shot through the head, and the bullet, after penetrating the brain, had broken the bone at the back of the skull. Of course he died instantly. As soon as I saw that nothing more could be done for him, I looked about me and found that I was alone on the road. A little farther to the right was a brick house and orchard, and as this promised better cover than the open field, I made for it. It stood at the crossing of this road with the Ridge road, along which we had been marching before the fight, and when I reached it I saw a body of troops in the orchard, which, from their dark clothes, I took to be the Queen's Own. I hastened to join them, but they turned out to be a column of Fenians, who saluted me with a volley. An attempt to fire my rifle proved that it was empty, and while in the act of reloading I was surrounded and made prisoner. I was placed in the brick house, under charge of a guard. As soon as I was there, the fatigue, which had been forgotten during the stand in the road, returned with redoubled force, and I lay down on a mattress completely exhausted. After a while, however, a Fenian came in, bleeding freely from a wound in the ankle. I roused up and tied it up with a bandage torn from a sheet. My success in this simple, surgical operation at once established cordial relations between myself and my captors. They got me a drink of water, which greatly refreshed me,

and we smoked a social pipe together. Presently a mounted officer rode up and ordered us to proceed to the front. We set off, a Fenian, with bayonet fixed, marching on each side of me. The sight of the killed and wounded whom we passed lying in the dusty road beneath the blazing June sun, was sad indeed. At a roadside tavern, called the "Smugglers' Home," we halted, and here I found Private Junor, of the University Company, in his shirt sleeves, carrying a pail of water for the wounded, several of whom, among them Ensign Fahey, of the Queen's Own, and Lieutenant Routh, of the 13th, were lying on the floor of the bar-room. After a few words with them we were again ordered to march. Junor and two other prisoners, one of Trinity College Company, and one of the 13th, were added to our party. At my request, Junor and I were allowed to walk together. At the village of Ridgeway we found the Fenians resting after the fight. Their conduct was perfectly orderly. There was no plundering, though the village was entirely at their mercy. A coloured man, who attempted to steal some articles from the store, was stopped by an officer, who placed a revolver at his head and sternly ordered him out, threatening to blow his brains out if he caught him there again. There was a tavern in the village, but not a man touched a drop of liquor. They told me that their orders were strict against drinking, and against stealing anything, except food and horses. These orders, I can testify from personal observation, were rigidly obeyed. They gave me half a loaf of bread, which was very welcome, and after about an hour's rest we fell in again, and turning our backs on Ridgeway, set out in retreat for Fort Erie, along the Garrison road.

The Fenians' treatment of myself and the other prisoners was kind and considerate in the extreme. The day was hot, and the road dusty. The Fenians observed the most perfect discipline. At intervals, when we came to a wayside house, they asked for

water, and on these occasions they always gave us the first drink. One woman in response to their request for water brought out a pail of buttermilk, which they handed to me. That drink of buttermilk will always live in my memory as the most delicious draught I ever had. Our guards conversed with us, by the way, in the most friendly manner, and took us freely into their confidence. They thought that the Canadian people would gladly welcome them as deliverers, and they thought that the regular troops would not fight against them. "Quaybec'll be the hardest nut for us to crack," said one of them. "Sure, the French 'll burn that for us," cheerfully rejoined his comrade. Their uniform consisted of a green shirt, with brass buttons, dark trousers, a black, soft felt hat, with wide brim. Over their shirts they wore dark civilian coats which served the purpose of overcoats, and which had been used to conceal their uniform before crossing the river. It was owing to this fact that the general impression prevailed that the Fenians were not in uniform. Most of the superior officers wore the dress proper to the rank they had held in the American army during the Civil War. The officer commanding our escort, who had the commission of Captain in the army of the Irish Republic, was a striking-looking figure. He was about fifty years of age, with a long, iron-grey beard. He had served as a sergeant in the Southern army during the war, and had walked all the way from Tennessee to take part in the raid, joining the Fenians just in time for the battle. He wore his old regulation kepi, a long black frock coat, with a belt outside, in which was stuck a sword without a scabbard. He was full of enthusiasm for the cause of Ireland, and of fierce hatred against the English. But to us, whom the fortune of war had made his prisoners, his conduct was all gentleness and *bonhomie*.

Towards evening we neared Fort Erie, and a mounted officer came up to us with the order, "Prisoners and baggage to the rear!" We were halted



at the roadside and allowed all the column to pass us. The escort, who knew from this order that another fight was expected, became greatly excited, and cursed the ill-luck which condemned them to inactivity. Thanks to their eagerness to see what was going on, I had an excellent opportunity of watching the action that followed; for as soon as the troops had all marched past, they led us up to a plateau, where we had a clear view of the whole affair. The road here slopes down between high banks to the river. One division of the Fenians continued their march down this road till it reached another road, which runs along the river bank. Here they turned to the left and marched straight for the village of Fort Erie, which we could plainly see, with the Stars and Stripes flying from the house of the American Consul. Across the river was the town of Black Rock, and there the shore was crowded with spectators. Another division of the Fenians left the road where we were, and advanced in line across the fields in a direction parallel to that of the column which was marching by the river road. The high banks soon hid the river column from our sight, but in a short time the report of musketry told us that it had gone into action. Who the defenders were or what their strength was, we did not then know; but we afterwards learned that fifty-four men of the Welland Field Battery, acting as infantry, and eighteen men of the Dunnville Naval Company, were holding the place. For a while the firing was kept up smartly, but all this time the second division was marching across the fields above the town, and now they wheeled to the right and thus took the defenders on the flank. They advanced rapidly, firing as they went. In

the village there was at first a continuous roar of musketry, which gradually slackened. There were a few dropping shots which soon ceased altogether. The smoke drifted away; and Fort Erie was in the hands of the enemy. The result of the conflict was hailed with shouts of triumph from the crowds of spectators at Black Rock.

We were then marched down to the river side. Here we met General O'Neil, the Fenian Commander. He told us that his men were old soldiers and knew how to treat prisoners, and that we should have no cause to complain, unless any of his men were hanged by the Canadians, in which case he promised he would shoot ten of us for every Fenian hanged. He then stopped at a roadside tavern and ordered a glass of beer for each of us, for which he paid. We were then marched together with a number of the Welland Field Battery, who had been taken prisoners at Fort Erie, to the old Fort, which is a ruin standing on the river bank. The Fenians established guards, lit fires, and set about cooking their supper. To each of us they gave a slice of raw pork, a biscuit, and a drink of water.

The day had been hot. The night was clear and very cold, too cold for much sleep. About two o'clock in the morning we were aroused and marched down to the wharf. There we saw a large body of Fenians in the act of embarking on a great scow. When the last man embarked, O'Neil told us we were free. He then shook hands, and said good-bye, adding that he would be back soon with a larger force. I told him he would find us better prepared next time; and so ended my adventures as a Prisoner of War.

Wm. Hodgson Ellis.



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## DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY.

### II—THE PURGATORIO.

*By Professor William Clark.*

THE comparison of one work of art with another is never quite profitable, although it is sometimes almost unavoidable. It has been largely practiced in connection with the different parts of Dante's great poem. To a large class of readers the *Inferno* seems to make a special appeal; to others the *Paradiso*. We believe, however, that in personal and religious interest, no part of the poem comes nearer to human experience than the *Purgatorio*.

As has already been remarked, the *Inferno* is a hollow inverted cone, the passage of which becomes more difficult as we descend. The *Purgatorio* is a mountain thrust out from the earth by the formation of the *Inferno* within; and on this the ascent ever grows easier. Both are places of suffering; but the one has the suffering of hopeless misery which hardens and destroys, the other the suffering of hope and joy, which purifies, elevates and prepares for a better and higher life. The reason in each case is plain. The one is a state of impenitence and unbelief which shuts out every gracious influence; the other a state of lowliness, penitence and love which opens the soul to every higher power. In the *Inferno* we see the operation and consequences of different forms of evil: in the *Purgatorio* the principle of sin is purged away.

There are nine circles in both, and both have a vestibule; but in the *Inferno* it is not reckoned one of the nine circles. It is so reckoned in the *Purgatorio*. Another difference should be noted. The division in the *Inferno* is a circle (*cerchio*): in the *Purgatorio* it is a terrace or cornice (*balzo*, precipice). The circles are concentric: the ascent in the *Purgatorio* is by a spiral path.

In the vestibule of the *Purgatorio*

are those who delayed their repentance to the last. On the summit of the mountain is the earthly paradise, lost in Adam, recovered by the second Adam, and entered by those who have passed through cleansing fires. Between those two extremes are seven terraces in which the seven cardinal sins are cleansed away. There is another difference. In descending through the *Inferno* we find the sins become more heinous: in ascending the mount of purification they become lighter. For example, sensuality is the first sin punished in the *Inferno*: it is the last cleansed in the *Purgatorio*. Instead of the horrid Charon, the ferryman of hell, there is an angel in a boat with no other sail than the angel's wings.

The opening lines of the poem declare the change which has taken place:

"O'er better waves to speed her rapid course  
The light bark of my genius lifts the sail,  
Well pleased to leave so cruel sea behind;  
And of that second regin will I sing  
In which the human spirit from sinful blot  
Is purged, and for ascent to heaven prepares."

All is changed. We have passed from darkness to light, from fierce hurricanes to gentle gales, from pestilential vapours to pure and fragrant air. Beginning at the shore of humility, we pass into the vestibule,\* lying at the base of the mountain, inhabited by the negligent, who have delayed their repentance until the hour of death, and are detained there for a season before entering *Purgatory* proper.

In this there are seven terraces or cornices rising above each other, reached by a spiral path, in which the seven cardinal sins are purged. These sins are arranged in an inverse order,

\*So far the subject occupies the first 8 cantos.

and differ to some extent from those in the Inferno. There they began with incontinence and ended with fraud. Here they begin with pride, the root of all sin, and end with incontinence. The seven sins of the Purgatorio are of two classes, with one intermediate between them. The first class consists of sins against love: 1. pride, 2. envy, 3. anger: the other are sins of misdirected love: 5. avarice and prodigality, 6. gluttony and drunkenness, 7. incontinence. Between these two classes lies a remarkable form of evil, *Acidia* (*ἁκηδία*), generally translated Sloth, in books of devotion, etymologically signifying indifference. "Languid indifference" would probably be as good as any other rendering. Beyond these terraces rises the earthly paradise.

The first thing that caught Dante's eye was the Southern Cross, a constellation of four stars (i. 24) symbolizing the four cardinal virtues, wisdom, courage, temperance and justice. Afterwards three stars are seen (viii. 90), representing the theological virtues or Christian graces, faith, hope and love, all together making up the seven virtues of the Schoolmen.

Next they see an old man, Cato (i. 31), the highest embodiment of merely human morality, the four stars shining on his face. Cato had told Virgil to bind Dante with a tender reed in token of humility, the starting-point of all evangelical goodness; and to bathe and cleanse his face, which had been soiled and disfigured by the smoke of hell. As the sun rises, the poet, looking across the sea, beholds a light approaching swiftly and growing brighter as it approaches. The brightness takes the form of wings. It is the angel of God, the heavenly ferryman, with the bark in which he conveys passengers to Purgatory (ii. 28).

Many souls are in the boat; they are being conducted by the angel from the estuary of the Tiber (Rome) to the Mount of Purification. Coming to the vestibule, already mentioned, they find four classes who have delayed repentance: 1. Those dying excommunicate

but contrite. 2. Those presuming on God's mercy and delaying their repentance till death. 3. The negligent of the same class who died by violence. 4. Those who, through preoccupation of political cares, delayed repentance. These are punished by periods of detention in the vestibule before being allowed to enter Purgatory proper.

Dante falls asleep, and is conveyed by S. Lucy (prevenient Grace), the illuminator, to the gate of Purgatory proper, which is entered by three steps, the first of white marble, in which the face is reflected, signifying self-examination and self-knowledge; the second burnt and cracked, signifying contrition; and the third of porphyry, signifying the fervent purpose of good, passing into love. An angel is seated on the highest step, who, with the blunt point of his sword, imprints the letter P (*Peccatum* = sin), seven times on Dante's brow, signifying the seven cardinal sins from which men are cleansed in Purgatory. As Dante passes from stage to stage one P after another is removed from his brow.

1. The first of the terraces or cornices (*balsi*) is occupied by the proud (ix-xii). Pride, the principle of self-idolatry, the principle which makes self and not God the principle of all things, is the deepest root of every form of moral evil. It means the same which modern moralists designate as selfishness. At the back of the terrace a high cliff of white marble rises, sculptured with stories of humility in bas-relief, designed for the instruction of the penitents. First comes the beautiful story of the Annunciation (x. 31) followed by others conveying the same lesson.

The proud are chastened by having to march along bowed to the earth by great weights. They have assumed much, and they are made to feel the weight of it. They are bent so low that Dante could hardly recognize the human form in them. But this is the cure as well as the punishment of pride. If he that exalteth himself must be abased, it is equally true that those who humble themselves under the

mighty hand of God, He will exalt in due time.

The proud repeat the Lord's Prayer, in the form of a paraphrase which constitutes an admirable exposition of the prayer (xi. 1-24). Then illustrations are given of the different forms of pride: pride of birth, pride of art and intellect, ambition and the love of popularity. There are no purse-proud people mentioned; although that form of pride could hardly have been unknown in those days. Dante is now cleansed of pride, the angel brushing his brow with his wing and obliterating the first of the seven P's. As they go up they hear voices singing, "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" and the poet, lightened by the cleansing, ascends to the next terrace with ease.

2. In the second terrace the sin of Envy is purged (xiii. and xiv.). Just as in the first there were representatives of examples of humility for the instruction of the proud, so now, as they pass along, they hear invisible spirits singing songs commending the exercise of love to friend and foe. In the one case pictorial art is introduced as an instrument of moral instruction and progress, in the other case music. Soon they come upon a number of persons, "Shadows with garments dark as was the rock." They are sufferers, clad in sackcloth, leaning on each other and on the cliff, blinded by a piece of wire passing through the eyeball. Blindness is, at once, a cause and an effect of envy. Virgil consoles them with the hope of vision hereafter. A beautiful passage, beginning, "Evening was there, and here the moon of night," (xv. 6), should be noted. They now ascend the mount and hear the chant, "Beati misericordes" (blessed are the merciful) and the second P. is effaced.

Before leaving, Dante is anxious to understand one element in the condemnation of envy, namely, that the wider distribution of good does not take from those who possess, but adds to their happiness; good distributed enriches the many without taking from the few (xv. 106). Virgil replies:

"The highest good  
Unlimited, ineffable, doth so speed  
To love, as beam to lucid body darts,  
Giving as much of ardour as it finds. . . .  
So that the more aspirants to that bliss  
Are multiplied, more good is there to love,  
And more is loved; as mirrors that reflect,  
Each unto other, propagated light."

3. They are now approaching the cornice of the wrathful. As the poets go on, they become gradually enveloped in a fog which slowly gathers round them, so that Dante needs, like a blind man, to be led by Virgil. On the way they encounter examples of meekness, for instance, Mary and Joseph finding Jesus in the temple, and Stephen praying for his murderers. The sufferers are praying to the Lamb of God, as the embodiment of divine meekness. Among the wrathful they find Marco Lombardi, who explains that the evil which exists is not the fruit of nature or of necessity, but is the result of man's perversion of his freedom. The deplorable condition of Italy he accounts for largely by the confusion of the temporal and spiritual powers, and he seems chiefly to blame the papal see (xvi. 100). At last the angel's wing touches his brow, and another letter is effaced, while the "Beati pacifici" (blessed are the peacemakers) sounds in his ears.

4. The fourth sin in order—lying between the two great classes of sin—is that of *Acidia* (ἀκηδία), generally translated in devotional works as Sloth, etymologically signifying indifference. A good translation of it would probably be "languid indifference." It signifies lukewarmness, lack of zeal, and sluggishness in good works. As already pointed out, this vice stands midway between the two groups of three on either side of it. The first three—pride, envy and anger—are sins against love. The last three—avarice, gluttony and incontinence—are forms of misplaced or exaggerated love, seeking happiness in early things, using them either unlawfully or excessively. Virgil declares that this sin of indifference arises from defect of love. In a very interesting passage (xvii. 90) he points out that love is the principle of

all action, and so is the source of good and evil. It is the germ, he says,

"Of each virtue in ye,  
And of each act, no less, that merits pain."

The subject is pursued at great length, and much high and mystical conversation follows on the nature of love and the good (xviii.). The love of the good, Virgil says, is innate, and therefore is in itself neither reprehensible nor meritorious. Love finds its full rest in the possession of the good. But there is danger of counterfeited good being sought, instead of the true good; and it is the business of conscience to select an object—to adjust the motives to the will—so as to further the supreme good of the Spirit. This selection determines the moral character of our actions (xviii. 62).

Soon they are overtaken by a crowd (xviii. 96). Two of these recite examples of zeal guided by love, like "Blessed Mary," who "sought with haste the hilly region," while, at this mention,

"O tarry not, away,  
The others shouted; 'let not time be lost  
Through slackness of affection. Hearty zeal  
To serve reanimates celestial grace.'"

It is remarkable of the Purgatorio, as distinguished from the Inferno and Paradiso, that Dante is frequently falling into slumber. Various explanations have been attempted. Perhaps it may be intended to remind us that the whole is a vision; or perhaps to suggest that, in the process of purification, we are in danger of falling into a lethargy from which we need to be aroused by the agents of Grace. Perhaps it may be meant to recognize the office of repose in effort. "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

5. They next come to the sphere in which Avarice and Prodigality are purged—the two extremes of excess and defect in spending, the mean being liberality. As they pass onwards to this terrace, they hear voices singing: "Beati qui lugent" (blessed are they that mourn), and another letter is blotted out. On entering this department, Dante sees

"A race on the ground  
All downward lying prone and weeping sore.  
'My soul hath cleaved to the dust,' I heard  
With sighs so deep they wellnigh choked the  
words."

Let us remember these in Purgatory are not mere misers, sold under their vice, but those in whom the regenerate life has been hindered and depressed by love of money, and who are now getting purged from this evil. Among them was Hadrian the Fifth, who was Pope for only one month, and during that time learnt "at once the dream and cozenage of life" (xix. 105). Next follow illustrious examples of poverty sung by the spirit of Hugh Capet, who laments the errors in respect of money committed by many of his royal descendants. At the end of his recitation the mountain trembles, and voices on all sides sing "Gloria in excelsis Deo." It is the rejoicing at the purification of a soul.

Here (xxi. 9) they are joined by Statius, author of the Thebaïd, who had been converted to Christianity, but had not confessed it before he died, and therefore has a longer period in Purgatory. He tells Dante how much he owes to the Mantuan, not knowing that Virgil is present. The mutual delight of the poets follows the recognition. Statius is said to be the moral power inherent in genius, perhaps we might say, regenerate and purified genius as distinguished from heathen genius in Virgil. The latter expressed his surprise that Statius, "midst such ample store of wisdom," should be found among the avaricious. Statius, "somewhat moved to laughter," said that Virgil's words were "a dear pledge of love." Avarice was not his fault. On the contrary, he was "too wide of avarice"; his fault was prodigality. The fifth letter is now brushed from Dante's brow, whilst the angelic chorus sing out: "Beati esurientes" (blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness). And so they pass on to the sixth terrace.

6. The sin here purged is that of Overeating or Gluttony (xxii-xxiv). Soon they come to a tree "with goodly



fruitage hung," pleasant to the smell, and watered by a crystal stream. But the penitents are forbidden to taste it. From its leaves a voice is heard (xxii. 139):

"Mary took more thought  
For joy and honour of the nuptial feast  
Than for herself, who answers now for you.  
The women of old Rome were satisfied  
With water for their beverage. Daniel fed  
On pulse, and wisdom gained."

As Dante turned away from the tree, he heard a sound of weeping, and a prayer: "My lips, O Lord." It came from a crowd of spirits whose eyes were "dark and hollow," and "pale their visage." These are gluttons doing penance by fasting. They are praying that those lips and tongues, once given to gluttony, may now be attuned to utter the praises of God. While the odour from the tree provokes their appetite, they gladly bear the pangs of hunger, which bring solace rather than pain.

By-and-by they come to another tree, grown from a shoot taken from the tree of Knowledge. The penitents gently long for the fruit of this tree; but are told that their wish cannot be granted until they have passed through the water of Lethe (Forgetfulness) and entered the terrestrial Paradise. Perfected knowledge comes as the result of our discipline. Another letter is now effaced by the angel, who points the way to the seventh cornice.

7. The seventh terrace contains the Incontinent (xxv.-xxvi.) The transition is described (xxiv. ad fin.) in some beautiful lines, beginning:

"As when, to harbinger the dawn, springs up  
On freshened wing the air of May, etc."

We have already remarked in Dante the union of tolerance and severity. We note it here also. Carnal sin is the first in the Inferno and the last in the Purgatorio, and it is the most common of all. Yet Dante knew, as Burns knew and declared, "it hardens all within, and petrifies the feeling;" and therefore he passes the incontinent through fires so fierce that, he says:

"I would have cast me into molten glass  
To cool me, when I entered; so intense  
Raged the confluent mass." (xxvii. 94.)

Dante had hesitated to enter the flame until he was told that he was still separated from Beatrice, which acted like a charm, so that he immediately formed the resolve just expressed. To comfort him in passing through the fire Virgil spoke of Beatrice; and as they mount the stairs, they hear voices singing, "Come, ye blessed of My Father," and so they pass upwards. On the way he falls asleep, and in a dream sees Leah and Rachel, representatives of the active and the contemplative life, reminding us that life must not only be purified, but also nourished by positive processes, activity and contemplation.

Virgil now takes leave of Dante, saying that he no longer needs his guidance. Human reason and conscience have done their work. "To distrust thy sense henceforth," says Virgil, "were error." This purged eye can now behold the spiritual world as it is. Dante is now purged from his ignorance and weakness and ascends to the top of the mountain of purification, where is the earthly Paradise.

As he passes onwards his way lies across a wood through which a crystal stream is flowing. It is Lethe in which the remembrance of sins is to be effaced and moral freedom restored. On the opposite side he sees:

"A lady all alone, who singing went,  
And culling flower from flower, wherewith her  
way  
Was all o'er painted." (xxviii. 41.)

This was Matilda, the symbol of Christian doctrine and the Divine ministry. She explains to him the meaning of Lethe, the river of the forgetfulness of evil, and Eunoe, the river of the remembrance of good, which have a common source.

As the church alone can restore men to the Paradise forfeited by Adam and Eve, the church now appears under the form of a triumphal chariot, drawn by the mystic Gryphon, half lion and half eagle, representing the Divine-human Lord of the church. In the chariot is seated Beatrice, representing divine wisdom and grace. Three virgins are on her right, the theological

virtues, and four on her left, the moral virtues. Four and twenty elders, crowned with lilies, go before, representing the Old Testament. Behind the car come the four mystical creatures of Ezekiel, representing the four evangelists. Others follow of no certain meaning; but it is plain that they are the teachers of the church. On the other side of the stream is Beatrice (xxx. 53), who bids him not weep at the loss of Virgil, but prepare to feel the edge of another sword, her reproaches. Shame covers his face, remembering what he had himself confessed in the Vita Nuova. Suddenly the angels sing: "In Thee O Lord, have I trusted," and Dante is melted, weeps, and confesses his errors of the past. He then finds himself crossing the water of Lethe, borne up by Matilda, who causes him to drink of the water of oblivion. He is then given into the hands of the seven nymphs (cardinal virtues).

Dante is now able to contemplate the past history and future destinies of the church. The car is fastened to the Tree of Knowledge, which represents the Empire. Beatrice (Divine Grace) remains near the chariot with her seven virgins, bearing seven lights (the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost). An eagle represents the violence to which the church is exposed. Then a fox, gaunt and hungry, steals inside the car, representing Heresy. Next, a dragon tears away a portion of the framework of the car, representing schisms. Then comes the eagle again, representing secular power. Next the harlot, showing the church in unlawful union with the world. The giant stands for France, and the removal of the chariot into the forest symbolizes the removal of the papal chair to Avignon. But Beatrice predicts the coming of a deliverer who will restore all things. Then Matilda leads Dante to the river Eunoe, that his cure may be complete. Matilda, whatever may be the historical reference, stands here for the Divine

ministry, and its two functions of absolution and edification. Thus evil is done away and good made permanent.

The Purgatorio, says Dean Plumptre, has an autobiographic character which does not attach to the other two parts of the great poem. The Inferno goes to the depths of sin and misery—depths of which all men are capable, but which such a writer could contemplate only as apart from himself. The Paradiso rises to the glory which is to be revealed and realized in the future—the object of hope and desire. The Purgatorio brings us face to face with the real struggle of the regenerate man. In Dante, or in any other representative of the class undergoing purification, there will be special and personal traits, but the general characteristics of the poem are universal. We may speak of the Purgatorio as the confessions of Dante, and in this respect it is not unworthy to be put alongside the work of the great Bishop of Hippo.

In these poems we have traces of the studies of Dante. In the Inferno we meet with much which he has derived from Virgil. In the Paradiso we see the influence of S. Thomas Aquinas. In the Purgatorio we discern the influence of the devotional books of the church, and the hymns occurring in the offices are frequently quoted.

Not only so, but we follow, in the successive parts of the *Commedia*, the steps of the poet's life. We trace the different phases of his inner-man—from a sense of evil to confession, and then to resolve, and so on to love and effort and purity. Such is the way of the righteous—the path of the just which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The way of the cross is the way of life. We die daily that we may truly live. We are crucified together with Christ, yet we also live in Him. The way of purification is a way of suffering. Through much tribulation we must enter into the Kingdom.

*(To be concluded next month.)*

## HOW THE FRENCH CAPTURED FORT NELSON.

By Beckles Willson.

NOTE.—In the May and June numbers Mr. Willson describes the founding of York Factory, the Exploits of Radisson and Groseilliers, and some later events in the life of the former of these two bushrangers. The events here described happened at a later date, but this piece of the history of "The Great Company" shows how intense was the rivalry of the French and the English traders even in those northern regions. These three articles on The Hudson's Bay Co. are advanced chapters from Mr. Willson's forth-coming book.

THE French prisoners captured in the Hudson's Bay Company's expedition of 1696 suffered an incarceration of nearly four months duration at Portsmouth. Hardly had their liberty been regained than they boarded a French brig bound for Havre, and on arrival in Paris, lost little time in making known the condition of affairs at Hudson's Bay. Louis and his Ministers, gazing upon this emaciated band of traders and bushrangers, could hardly refrain from immediate action to retrieve the situation. Precisely following the tactics of their enemy in the previous year, they engaged four men-of-war; which fleet was despatched to join Iberville, then at the port of Placentia, in Newfoundland. The Court was well aware that there was no one man so thoroughly equipped at all points in knowledge of the bay, and the conditions there of life and warfare, as this hero. Consequently, although numerous enough, all other offers to lead the expedition were rejected.

On the arrival of the French ships at Placentia, Iberville took command, embarking in the *Pelican*, of fifty guns. The others were the *Palmier*, the *Weesph*, the *Profond*, and the *Violent*.

But Fort Nelson was not to be captured without a struggle.

At almost the very moment the French fleet sailed, there departed from Plymouth four of the Company's ships, the *Hampshire*, the *Hudson's Bay*, the *Dering*, and *Owner's Love*, a fire-ship, the two former having been participants in the conquest of the previous year. The Company's

fleet entered the straits only forty hours before the ships of the French; and like them was much impeded by the ice, which was unusually troublesome. Passage was made by the enemy in the English wake. The *Profond*, commanded by Duque, pushed past the currents, taking a northerly course, which brought her commander into full view of two of the Company's ships. Shots were exchanged, but owing to the difficulties engendered by the ice, it was impossible to manœuvre with such certainty as to cut off the Frenchman's escape. While this skirmish was in progress, Iberville in the *Pelican* succeeded in getting past the English unknown to them, and reached the mouth of the Nelson River in sight of the fort. His presence, as may be imagined, greatly surprised and disturbed the Governor and the Company's servants; for they had believed their own ships would have arrived in season to prevent the enemy from entering the straits. Several rounds of shot were fired as a signal, in the hope that a response would be made by the Company's ships, which they expected hourly in that quarter.

In his turn the French commander was equally disturbed by the non-arrival of his three consorts, which the exigencies of the voyage had obliged him to abandon. Two days passed in a state of suspense. At daybreak on the fifth of September three ships\* were distinctly visible; both parties

\*The fourth, the fire-ship *Owner's Love*, was never more heard of. It is supposed that, separated from the others, she ran into the ice and was sunk, with all on board.

joyfully believed they were their own. So certain was Iberville, that he immediately raised anchor and started to join the new-comers. He was soon undeceived, but the perception of his mistake in no way daunted him.

The Company's commanders were not prepared either for the daring or the fury of the Frenchman's onslaught. It is true the *Pelican* was much superior to any of their own craft singly, being manned by nearly two hundred and fifty men, and boasting forty-four pieces of cannon. The Company's ships lined up, the *Hampshire* in front, the *Dering* next, with the *Hudson's Bay* bringing up the rear.

The combatants being now in close proximity, the battle began at half-past nine in the morning. The French commander came straight for the *Hampshire*, whose captain, believing it was his design to board, instantly lowered his mainsheet and put up his fore-top-sail. Contact having been by these means narrowly evaded, the battle suddenly shifted between the *Pelican* and the *Dering*, whose mainsail was smitten with a terrific volley. At the same time the *Hudson's Bay*, veering, received a damaging broadside. The Company's men could distinctly hear the orders shouted by d'Iberville to both ships to discharge a musket fire into the *Dering's* fore-castle, but in this he was anticipated by the English sailors, who poured a storm of bullets in upon the Frenchman, accompanied by a broadside of grape, which wrought havoc with the sails. While the cries of the wounded on the *Pelican* could be distinctly heard, all three of the Company's ships opened fire, with the design of disabling her rigging. But one of them, the *Hudson's Bay*, seeing that it could not engage the *Pelican*, owing to Iberville's tactics, determined to run in front of her and give her the benefit of a constant hull fire, besides taking the wind from her sails. Iberville observed the movement; the two English vessels were near, he veered around, and, by a superb piece of seamanship, came so near to the *Hamp-*

*shire* that the crew of the latter saw that boarding was intended. Every man flew out on the main deck, with his pistol and cutlass, and a terrific broadside of grape on the part of the Englishman alone saved him.

The battle raged hotter and fiercer. The *Hampshire's* salvation had been only temporary; at the end of three hours and a half she began to sink, with all sails set. When this occurred, Iberville had ninety men wounded, forty being struck by a single broadside. Notwithstanding this, he decided at once to push matters with the *Hampshire's* companions, although the *Pelican* was in a badly damaged state, especially the fore-castle, which was a mass of splinters.

The enemy made at once for the *Dering*, which, besides being the smallest ship, had suffered severely. She crowded on all sail and avoided an encounter, and Iberville being in no condition to prosecute the chase, soon returned to the *Hudson's Bay*, which surrendered. Iberville was not destined, however, to reap much advantage from his prize, the *Hampshire*. The English flag-ship was unable to render any assistance to the sinking *Hampshire*, which soon went down with nearly all on board.\*

To render the situation more distressing, no sooner had some ninety prisoners been made, than a storm arose; so that it became out of the question to approach the shore with design of landing. They were without a long-boat and each attempt to launch canoes in the boiling surf was attended with failure.

Night fell; the wind instead of calming, grew fiercer. The sea became truly terrible, seeking, seemingly, with all its power to drive the *Pelican* and the *Hudson's Bay* upon the coast. The rudders of each ship broke; the

\*Thus was concluded what was, in the opinion of the best authorities, French and English, one of the fiercest and bloodiest battles of the war.

"Toute la Marine de Rochefort croient que ce combat a été un des plus rudes de cette Guerre," says La Potherie.

tide rose and there seemed no hope for the crews whose destiny was so cruel. Their only hope in the midst of the bitter blast and clouds of snow which environed them, lay in the strength of their cables. Soon after nine o'clock the *Hudson's Bay* and its anchor parted with a shock.

"Instantly," says one of the survivors, "a piercing cry went up from our fore-castle. The wounded and dead lay heaped up, with so little separation one from the other that silence and moans alone distinguished them. All were icy cold, and covered with blood. They had told us the anchor would hold; and we dreaded being washed up on the shore stiff the next morning."

A huge wave broke over the main deck and the ship rocked desperately. Two hours later the keel was heard to split, and the ship was hurled rudderless to and fro in the trough of the sea.

By the French account, matters were in no more enviable state aboard the *Pelican*; Iberville, however, amidst scenes rivalling those just described, did his best to animate his officers and men with a spirit equalling his own.

"It is better," he cried, "to die, if we must, outside the bastions of Fort Bourbon than to perish here like pent sheep on board."

When morning broke, it was seen by the French that their ship was not yet submerged, and it was resolved to disembark by such means as lay in their power. The Company's servants were more fortunate. The *Hudson's Bay* had drifted eight miles to the south of the fort, and was wrecked on a bank of icy marshland, which at least constrained them to wade no deeper than their knees. The French, however, were forced to make their way through the icy water submerged to their necks, from the results of which terrible exposure no fewer than eighteen marines and seamen lost their lives. Once on shore they could not, like the English, look forward to a place of refuge and appease their hunger with provisions and drink. They were obliged, in their shivering, half frozen state, to subsist upon moss and seaweed, but for which

indifferent nourishment they must inevitably have perished.

The Company's garrison witnessed the calamities which were overtaking the French, but not knowing how great their number, and assured of their hostility, did not attempt any acts of mercy. They perceived the enemy camped in a wood, less than two leagues distant, where, building several large fires, they sought to restore their spirits by means of warmth and hot draughts of boiled herbs.

While the fort was being continually recruited by survivors of the two wrecked ships, the other three French vessels had arrived on the scene. The fourth, the *Violent*, lay at the bottom of the bay, having been sunk by the ice. The *Palmier* had suffered the loss of her helm, but was fortunate in not being also a victim of the storm. The French forces being now united, little time was lost by Iberville in making active preparations for the attack upon the fort.

On the 11th, the enemy attained a small wood, almost under the guns of the fort, and having entrenched themselves, lit numerous fires and made considerable noise in order to lend the impression to the English that an entrenchment was being thrown up. This ruse was successful, for the Governor gave orders to fire in that direction. Iberville seized this opportunity to effect a landing of all his men and armaments from the ships.

The fort would now soon be hemmed in on all sides, and it were indeed strange if a chance shot or firebrand did not ignite the timbers, and the powder magazine were not exploded. Governor Bailey was holding a council of his advisers when one of the French prisoners in the fort gave notice of the approach of a messenger bearing a flag of truce. He was recognized as Martigny. The Governor permitted his advance, and sent a factor to meet him and insist upon his eyes being bandaged before he would be permitted to enter. Martigny was conducted to where the council was sitting and there delivered Iberville's message, demanding surrender. He was instantly



interrupted by Captain Smithsend, who, with a great show of passion, asked the emissary if it were not true that Iberville had been killed in the action. In spite of Martigny's denials, Smithsend loudly persisted in believing in Iberville's death; that the French were in sore straits, and only made the present attack because no other alternative was offered to desperate men to obtain food and shelter. Bailey allowed himself to be influenced by Smithsend, and declined to yield to any of Martigny's demands. The latter returned, and the French instantly set up a battery near the fort, and continued, amidst a hail of bullets, the work of landing their damaged stores and armaments. Stragglers from the wreck of the *Hudson's Bay* continued all day to find their way to the fort, but several reached it only to be shot down in mistake by the cannon and muskets of their own men. On the 12th, after a hot skirmish, fatal to both sides, the Governor was again requested, this time by Sérigny, to yield up the fort to superior numbers.

"If you refuse we will set fire to the place, and accord you no quarter."

"Set fire and be d—d to you!" responded Bailey.

He then set to work, with Smithsend, whose treatment at the hands of the French in the affair of the *Merchant of Perpetuana* was still vividly before him, to animate the garrison.

"Go for them, you dogs!" cried Bailey. "Give it to them hot and heavy; I promise you forty pounds apiece for your widows!"

Fighting in those days was attended by fearful mortality, and the paucity of pensions to the hero's family, perhaps made the offer seem handsome. At any rate it seemed a sufficient incentive to the Company's men, who fought like demons.\*

A continual fire of guns and mortars as well as of muskets was kept up. The Canadians sallied out upon a number of skirmishes, filling the air with a

frightful din, borrowing from the Iroquois their piercing war-cries. In one of these sallies St. Martin, one of their bravest men, perished.

Under protection of a flag of truce, Sérigny came again to demand a surrender. It was the last time, he said, the request would be preferred. A general assault had been resolved upon by the enemy, who were at their last resort, living like beasts in the wood, feeding on moss, and to whom no extremity could be odious were it but an exchange for their present condition. They were resolved upon carrying the fort, even at the point of the bayonet and over heaps of their slain.

Bailey now decided to yield. He sent Morrison to carry the terms of capitulation, in which he demanded all the peltries in the fort belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. This demand being rejected by the enemy, Bailey later in the evening sent Henry Kelsey with a proposition to retain a portion of their armament; this also was refused. There was now nothing for it but to surrender, Iberville having granted an evacuation with bag and baggage.

At one o'clock on the following day, therefore, the evacuation took place. Bailey, at the head of his garrison and a number of the crew of the wrecked *Hudson's Bay* and six survivors of the *Hampshire*, marched forth from Fort York with drums beating, flag flying, and with arms and baggage. They hardly knew whither they were to go, or what fate awaited them. A vast and inhospitable region greeted their eyes, and a winter long to be remembered had begun. But to the French it seemed as if their spirits were undaunted, and they set forth bravely.

The enemy watched the retreat of the defeated garrison not without admiration, and for the moment speculation was rife as to their fate. But it was only for the moment. Too rejoiced to contemplate anything but the termination of their own sufferings, the Canadians hastened to enter the fort, headed by Boisbriant, late an ensign in the service of the *Compagnie du Nord*.

\* "Ils avoient de tres habile canoniers," Jérémie, an eye-witness, was forced to confess.

The *fleur de lis* was flung to the air ;  
 shouts for King Louis drowned the  
 drum-beats of the vanquished ; Fort  
 Nelson was once more in the hands  
 of the French.

NOTE.—The Company was debarred from  
 any attempt at reconquest, because of the  
 treaty just concluded at Ryswick, which  
 yielded the territory which had been the scene  
 of so much commerce, action and bloodshed  
 to the subjects of the Most Christian King.



### THE CRY OF THE OUTLANDER.

*(Dedicated to our Brothers in South Africa.)*

GOD wrote on the face of the Briton,  
 " True to my brother I stand " ;  
 But the men who sit in council  
 Hide the sign with the silver hand.

And the brother that's yoked with the oxen  
 Calls Briton to Briton in vain ;  
 For the men who sit in council  
 Must reek of the worldly gain.

Fight first, is the law of the Briton,  
 Then ask for the help you need :  
 But the men who sit in council  
 Of the blood take little heed.

Ye have fought in the outlands, brothers ;  
 Ye have bled, not wise but well ;  
 Shall the men who sit in council  
 Keep ye in a living hell ?

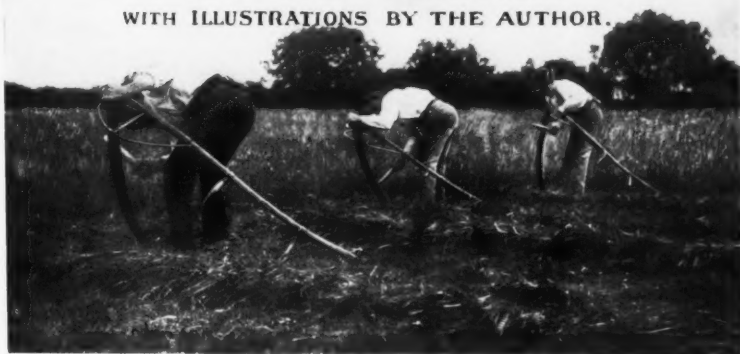
The cry of the outlawed brother  
 Thunders across the sea ;  
 And the men who sit in council  
 Must act, or cease to be.

*W. A. Fraser.*

# WORK and WORKERS in RURAL ENGLAND.

BY CLIFTON JOHNSON.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



ENGLAND is a land of large towns and great manufactories. So dense is the population that it is said the crops raised on the farms each year would not feed the inhabitants over three months. From this one might fancy that the towns had overspread most of the island and that all the country there was left would be hardly more rural than village suburbs. But in reality the towns are only the plums in the pudding, not the substance. They are minor interruptions to an endless roll of cultivated fields and grazing lands sweeping from John o' Groat's to Land's End.

Even London, vast as it is, does not reach out so very far, after all. You step on a train at any of the metropolitan stations and go in whatever direction you please, and it does not take many minutes to get beyond the paved ways and the crowded buildings to the quiet greenery of the country. Nor do the towns, in spite of their number and size, have any very marked influence on the country people and their ways. One would think they would exert a decided leavening power over the rustic life that would modernize it

and cause its cruder elements to disappear. This is not the case. The country workers of England know far less of the cities and feel their influence even less than their fellows here in Canada. Their instincts are less nomadic. They live out their lives in the villages where they were born. A few miles close around home is often all they see of the world. They cling to old ways and are primitive and unchanging to a degree. As a result, each district has its dialect and its peculiar local customs which survive generation after generation, but never are transferred to other regions, not even to those adjoining.

The soil of Great Britain is not tilled by the owners, nor is the tilling to any considerable extent done under their supervision. The land is practically all owned by the gentry, and they rent it to farmers, who take the entire responsibility of making it return both them and their landlords a living. The tenants decide what crops to raise, they buy and sell, and they keep what is often quite a little colony of labourers constantly at work.

The labourers are at the foot of the

industrial ladder and are so dependent on their weekly wages that any interruption which throws them out of work even temporarily brings direfully close the possibility of having to go to the workhouse. Happily things are so arranged that labour on the farms is steady through the year and a helper is never laid off on account of either weather or season.

The daily life of the worker is one of set hours, which are as definite as those of an employee in a factory. If a man works overtime, it is by agreement, and he gets extra pay.

groomed. This done, the day's work of the carters and the followers of the plough is finished.

The soil in some parts is so heavy that four horses are the rule to each plough. The ploughman does not in this case attempt to guide his own team, but has a boy to walk along beside the horses and urge them on. These boys earn their wages, I think, for they keep shouting to their teams all the time, adding emphasis by an occasional crack of the whip. However, the shouts and the belabouring with the lash seem purely matters of form, and



PLOUGHING WITH OXEN.

Of all the labourers on a farm, the ploughmen and carters are the earliest risers. They have to be up at four o'clock to feed their horses, though they are not in the fields to begin work till half-past six. About the middle of the afternoon they all return to the farmhouse, the carters in their carts and the ploughmen and ploughboys mounted side-saddle on their horses, which go clanking along in single file till they reach the farmyard gate; then the riders slide off, and their horses with those that are released from the carts tramp on to their stables, where they are unharnessed and fed and

the horses step along perfectly oblivious to them, so far as I could see.

In former days much of the heavy farm work was done with bullocks. Now, a bullock team is comparatively rare. Nothing could be more picturesque. The oxen, instead of wooden neck-yokes, wear simple harness made of broad leather bands, and each creature has on a pair of great leather blinders which give it a look truly antediluvian. As it takes four bullocks to one plough, they with the ploughman and the ploughboy make a procession that is quite impressive.

In strange contrast with the slow



WOMEN IN THE FIELDS.

bullock teams, so suggestive of antiquity, one is surprised to find that he cannot travel far in the English country without seeing in some wide field a steam plough at work, or a steam thrasher established next a "corn" rick. Sometimes you meet the engines with all their apparatus in tow steaming along the highway; or they will come rattling and panting through the midst of the village where you happen to be stopping. They are formidable affairs, and it takes five men to make a working crew.

Every farm has its flock of sheep. In some parts of the country there are moors and commons and rough uplands where the sheep are turned loose to graze; but more often they occupy the ordinary farm fields. Many farmers keep them still further confined within a basket-work fencing woven from split hazel. These hurdles, as they are called, are made in light detachments, that allow them to be readily moved, and as soon as the sheep have grazed one space clean, their fence is transferred to enclose new ground. All this was explained to me one day by a shepherd with whom I stopped to talk as he was at his work in a roadside field. Then he drifted into personal

reminiscence and said that he had been brought up to tend sheep. He tried something else for a while, but it didn't suit him, and he took up his old work again. He declared that it was the "dirtiest, nastiest, hardest" work there was. None of his eight children would take it up; no, nor any other young people.

"Children goes to school now till they gets to be thirteen or fourteen years old," he added deprecatingly, "and they gets cunning, you know."

The shepherd had a dog with him, but the dog did not know much, and never would, in his master's opinion,—he "wa'n't the right kind." But he "had a dog afore him that was as sensible as a Christian. Seemed like he knew just what I said. If there was some sheep way round that hill you see there, a mile off, that dog 'd go for 'em, if I told him to, and I could keep on with my work, and he'd be comin' with 'em by and by. I never had more'n to speak to him or make a motion with my hand, and he'd understand. I had him ten year, but he died last January. I wouldn't 'a' felt it so much if I'd lost one of my children."

A few days later I came on a party of sheep-shearers at work in a barn.



The big doors were open, and the men were snipping away on the barn floor with their shining shears. The bay on one side was full of panting sheep still unsheared. On the other side were the bundles of fleeces and odds and ends of farm tools and rubbish. When a sheep had been relieved of its coat it was allowed to leap away to its mates in the near field. The shearers work in little bands of six or eight men, and go from farm to farm to do the work through a season that lasts rather over a month. At noon they went out under a tree with their baskets and ate dinner; and while they lunched and

They were picturesque, but the close view that showed them to be nearly all old and stumpy-figured and slouchy in dress left no room for romance.

Nor were the men workers less rudely rustic than the women. Indeed, it seemed to me that all the English farm folk, by the time they reached middle age, became what we would call "characters." In their looks they grew knotty and gnarled and earthy; and this outward appearance is more or less typical of their minds. In features the men are strongly individualized; no two are alike—a result in part due to the many odd and old-fashioned ways they have of trimming and training their beards. Clothing is quaint, and their heavy footwear added to their laborious lives makes the movements of all except the more youthful and vigorous seem ungainly.

As the season advances, the women are to be found in the hop gardens and in the wheat and hay fields. Wheat, or "corn," as it is called in Britain, is sown in drills about six inches apart, and as soon as it gets well started, the women go through it and hoe out the weeds.

In May, when the hop gardens are bristled all over with bare, newly set poles, around which the vines are just beginning to twine, there are pretty sure to be two or three women in every such field "op-tying," as they would say. This consists in fastening the vines to the poles so that they will be sure to climb and not sprawl around on the ground. Most of the women wear wide brimmed straw hats tied on with handkerchiefs. Each has a long bag fastened to her waist, in which she carries the green rushes that she uses in tying. They work very deftly,



FELLING AN OAK.

gossiped one of them cut a companion's hair with his sheep-shears.

All the heaviest farm work is done by men, but the lighter field tasks are undertaken by women to a considerable extent, though I believe these are always intermittent, never continued week after week the year through. My first sight of women workers was on the newly ploughed grounds of early spring. They were going over the fields with forks and picking out all the witch-grass roots. These they piled in little heaps, which later were burned. Their working day was seven or eight hours long, and their pay a shilling.



AN OLD FARMHOUSE.

though they keep their tongues going as fast as their hands.

Once in a visit of mine to a hop garden, a worker held her tawny arms out toward me and said, "I s'pose the women don't get browned and burned that-a-way in America. But we've always been at this same work, and we'll keep right on at it as long as we've got a breath left."

It seemed to me they were doing the work with unusual celerity. I said as much, and the women explained that this was because they were paid for the amount they did and not for their time; and she added frankly, "If it were day work, we'd stop that much to talk the 'ops wouldn't get tied in all summer."

Just as I was leaving the hop garden I heard a tree crash to the earth in a near grove, and when I turned aside to learn the cause I found several men felling oaks. They did this by sawing off the trunks low down, almost level with the ground. The stumps left were barely six inches high. Compared with that, the two or three foot stumps of Canada and the great gashes we make in getting our trees down seem very wasteful. The oak

bark is sold to tanneries, and after a tree was felled the men with their axes, billhooks and other instruments stripped it off from both trunk and branches down to limbs not over an inch and a half in diameter.

The busiest seasons on the farm are those of the hay, grain and hop harvests. There is employment then for everyone. June is the haymaking month, and its scenes have sometimes as much the air of carnival as of labour. This is especially true when the early fields are mown near the villages. On pleasant evenings half the population is out watching the men swinging their scythes in the slow fading light. The children are in the new-mown grass having a frolic, tumbling about and gathering up great armfuls to throw at each other. Their mothers watch them from over the fence and laugh at their haps and mishaps. The little ones get hot and red-faced, and some are hurt and shed tears, but it is not easy to induce them to start for home before the men stop work at about ten o'clock.

Most of the mowing in the level regions of England is done with a machine. Yet there are still many old-



HAYMAKING.

fashioned farmers who cling to the idea that a machine leaves about as much as it cuts. Such farmers have the work done by hand even if the farm measures half a thousand acres. The smaller farmers often have no machine, because they do not feel they can afford one, considering the amount they would use it; and on most farms there is a certain amount of land so steep or so much ditched that machine-cutting is not practical.

The mowing with scythes is done by gangs of men who go from farm to farm doing the work. I came across a party of mowers one morning eating a "tenner" (ten o'clock lunch) under a hedge. In his basket each man had half a loaf of bread and a large piece of cheese, from which he cut off such lumps as his appetite demanded. Each man also had a jug of beer brought from home, and the party had collectively a little keg of ale that was

furnished by their master. One of the men went up to the farmhouse for this at about nine o'clock each morning, and brought it back slung upon a stick over his shoulder. The men after they had disposed of their bread and cheese, drank two glasses each of the ale from a horn tumbler, and smoked a pipe of tobacco in between. When their half hour was up they all whetted their broad



MAKING A RICK.

blades and went to work again. They told me that, in their opinions, mowing machines had had their day, and were destined everywhere to be more and more displaced by hand work.

Tedders and horse-rakes are much less common than with us, particularly the former. Turning and raking are largely done by hand, usually by the women, who also roll the hay into tumblers.

When the work in the hayfields is well under way on a big farm, the operations take on a decided aspect of business and bustle. The most typical haying scene of this sort that I witnessed was in the broad acres of a gentleman's park. There were two waggons, one always at the rick unloading while the other was in the field. Two horses were hitched tandem to each wagon, and a ploughboy accompanied each pair to drive them. Two men were on the load, three pitched on, and two old men with big rakes followed the load and gathered the scattering. At the rick were two men unloading, three on the rick receiving the hay as it was pitched up, and two or three others getting drinks of beer out of the bottles in their baskets that lay under a convenient elm. Two old fellows with fag-hooks were reaping

the grass left by the machines along the hedges; two old women and an old man were rolling up the windrows, and a young fellow on a horse-rake was going leisurely back and forth across the field. That makes twenty people. It was a pretty sight—the busy harvest field among the great, sturdy English elms, with the ivied walls and tall chimneys of “the big house” rising on the slope beyond.

Sometimes the “Squire,” the occupant of the big house, comes into the hayfield and takes part in the work. He gets off his coat and pitches on the hay with great gusto for perhaps a couple of hours, chaffs with the men, drinks beer with them, and makes himself as companionable as possible. The men feel that he is a good fellow to condescend to work on their level, and it inclines them to serve him



IN AN OLD FARMHOUSE.

faithfully. But it would not do for the squire to work every day with them; that would lower him at once in their estimation. The work is beneath him; he must do it only for fun.

The term “harvest time,” in England, means more particularly that part of summer when the wheat and other cereals are garnered. There is a repetition then of the busy scenes of haying-making. After the harvest the farmer

turns his pigs out "earshin" in the stubble fields, where they are allowed to roam six or seven hours each day till they have picked up all the stray ears of grain. Often there are sixty or seventy pigs in a drove, with a boy or two along to "mind" them.

Hop-picking begins with the first days of September. But then the blossoming brightness of the earlier months is past, the grain is nearly all reaped, the hay harvested, and the fields are bare and sombre. Yet many flowers still linger along the roadsides, and the hedges are enlivened by the scarlet of hips and haws. There is much land recently ploughed, and many new ricks are in the field corners, looking very tidy with their roofs of fresh thatch glistening in the sunlight.

I was eager to see all that I could of the hop harvest; and one day when I was passing a hop kiln and noticed smoke issuing from its squat chimney, I stopped to investigate. A small door at one end was open, and I went in, but I did not stay long. Three men in the dim interior were feeding the fires with charcoal and brimstone, and the air was so sulphurous I was glad to hurry out to escape choking. I got little notion of the process of hop-drying. The men had pointed to a ladder, and said I might go upstairs but I was already getting

anxious for a change of air and refused. Besides, they winked at each other suspiciously, and, I think, had I gone up, they would have kept me there till I tipped them. At any rate that is one of the pleasantries that the hop-drier is privileged to indulge with any visitor he can catch in that way. I asked one of the men who followed me to the door where I could see the hop-picking, and he said,

"About a mile to the south." I questioned him whether I had better go around by the road or try a more direct way across lots. The man replied in the bluff, rude manner that one too often finds among the rural English, "You've got legs, ain't ye? Go there any way ye want to."

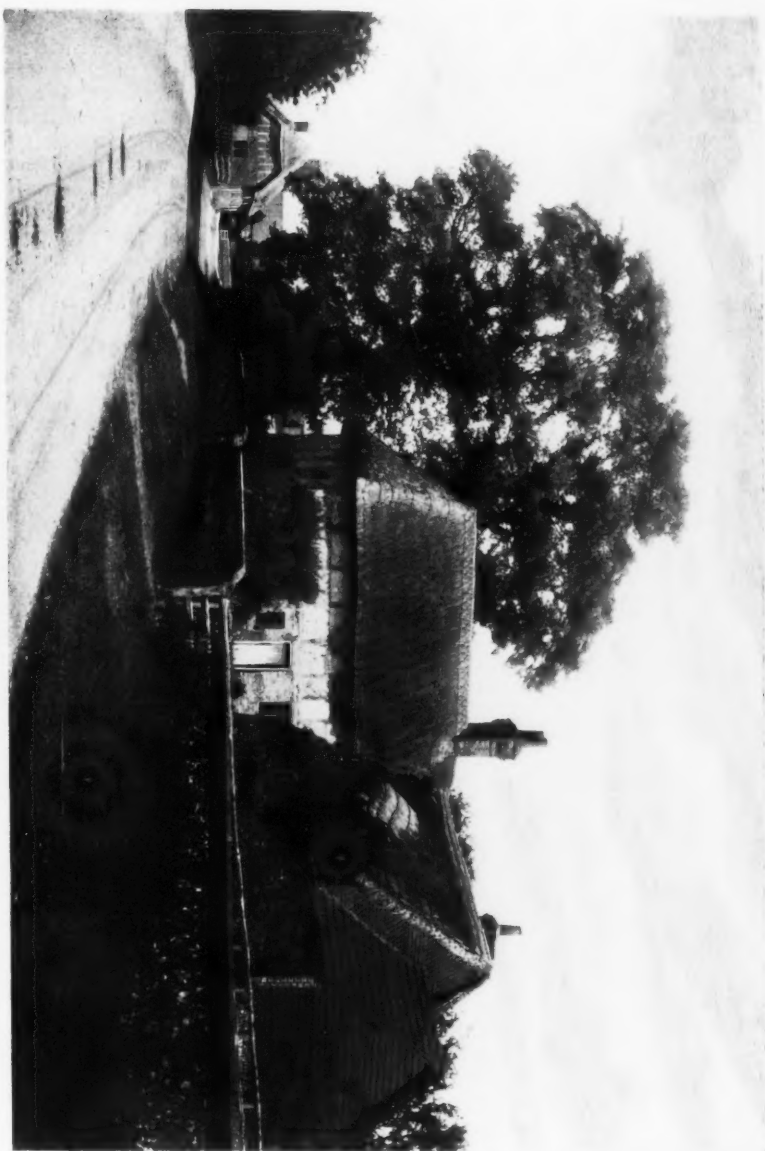
I found the pickers at work in a field that sloped down into a little valley. The poles were being taken down

as fast as needed, and the pickers were pulling off the hops into great baskets. Men, women and children were all at work. The old women and the grandfathers were there, and so were the babies, tucked up in blankets and wraps and lying quite contented on the ground among the shadows of the festooned poles. It was a pleasant scene there amidst the greenery—nimble fingers flying, always the voices calling and the hum of gossip, the rustic costumes, the



"GRANDAD HOPPING WITH THE REST."





AN ENGLISH COTTAGE.

children playing or helping with industrious clumsiness, and in it all the rustle of the vines and the wholesome odour of the hops. It makes a healthy out-of-doors holiday, and the people flock from far and near into the hop regions to enjoy it. When the journey is short they come in great farm waggons with all their bags and baggage prepared to cook their own food and sleep in barns and sheds. They shout and joke as they go along in spite of the plodding slowness of the journey and the apparent discomfort of the vehicle. The fact that no one is too young to go is attested by the presence of one or two baby carriages dragging along at the rear of the waggon.

A vast army of hop-pickers come by train from London at this time. They are the scum of the city, a dilapidated crowd of old and young, who arrive heavily loaded with their household goods, and make a very motley scene at the railroad stations, bowed with their sacks and baskets.



A VILLAGE CORNER.

The wages of a labourer in the poorer parts of England are ten or twelve shillings a week; while in the more favoured districts he is paid double that amount. Work begins in summer at six o'clock. At eight the labourer

stops half an hour for breakfast, at ten he eats a luncheon, and at noon takes an hour to rest and eat dinner. His work is done at five, when he trudges home to supper. Just before he goes to bed he disposes of one more luncheon, and the day is ended.

A man could hardly live and support a family on ten or twelve shillings a week, were it not that in summer he always has a chance to do "task work." While this lasts, he works extra hard and overtime, and earns six or eight shillings a day. He will very likely be out at four in the morning and keep at it till nine or ten at night.

The extra wages a man and his wife make in summer task work are used to buy shoes and clothing. The ordinary wages are pretty much used up in paying rent and in buying the daily necessities of food and drink. The fare is always rough and poor, and a couple of pounds or so of bacon is all the meat a family will eat in a week. Few make any provision for sickness,

and when sickness comes the labourer is compelled to rely on the parish doctor and parochial charity.

Yet, in spite of small earnings, there are a goodly number among the labourers who save money. With some it is a blind habit, with others it is simply miserliness, and with still others it is ambition. One does not see much chance for hoarding on the wages received, but the thrifty are always on the lookout to save their pennies.

Persons who receive parish help are sometimes found to have a considerable sum laid by when they die.

Labourers marry early. The wife has usually been in domestic service, and often contributes the larger half



DONCASTER MARKET PLACE.

of the little ready money that is spent in getting the scanty home furnishings. Very little is bought in the years that follow. A replenishing of blankets and bed linen, when it takes place, is quite apt to be from the charities which are distributed at Christmas time.

It is the rule rather than the exception that the labourer's cottage is overcrowded. Even when there are eight or nine children in a family, there may be no more than two sleeping rooms—a condition that is plainly bad both morally and physically.

One of the most interesting views of how the labourer lives and how it all ends, I got one day from a village shoemaker. My Canadian shoes had early given out on the gritty English

roads, and to make them once more serviceable I sought out this cobbler. While he worked on the shoes I sat and talked with him. I was asking about the farm workers when the shoemaker looked out of the window and said: "There's a man just goin' past. He's been workin' from early morning, ten hours, for his master. Now he's goin' home to have tea, and work in his garden awhile, and then he'll be goin' out again for two or three hours to help his wife, 'op-tying. He and his wife has to work all they can to get along. They couldn't live on their weekly wages. They has to do task work to earn something extra, or they'd have to go to the workhouse. That man in harvest just slivers into it

and works night and day, and the wife helps. The employers!—they don't care whether a man lives or dies, and if they get a man down they tread on him. They can do anything to a man or to his wife or children—and they does pretty roughish things sometimes—and the man daren't make any complaint. If he does, come Saturday night, there's his wages, and he's not wanted any more. Then where's he to go, and where's his next week's food to come from?

"Yes, these labourers travel from hedge to hedge till they are wore out, and they're so dependent on their master that some of 'em are afraid to say their soul's their own. As soon as they can't do a fair day's work they are sent to the workhouse. You can depend on 't they don't stay there long before they're brought home in a little four-wheel trap, and buried in the churchyard.

"The workhouse 's worse than the grave, to the thinking of a good many of the labourers. There was poor old Tom Christurn that lived down here next to the chapel. He's dead these two years now. He was gettin' old and couldn't support himself, but he always said he wouldn't go to the workhouse,—and he didn't. The day they came to take him he cut his throat.

"The treatment 's not overgrand at the workhouse, and they're not overfed there either, and they get no beer or other liquors. Then the men and women, except the older people, are all separated. A man would never see his wife there, only by chance in the yard. The preachers say, 'What God hath joined together, let no man put assunder;' but they don't pay much attention to that saying at the workhouse."

This discourse of the shoemaker's made me eager to see some paupers for myself, and a few days later I had the chance. It was on the occasion of a picnic given to the workhouse folk by a gentleman of a neighbouring village. The paupers numbered thirty or forty, the men in dark caps and white smock-frocks, and the women in blue gowns and white aprons. They were very neat, yet

they had a bleached-out, broken-down look, as if capacity and energy were pretty well gone. It was a look very different from the tough, knotty brownness of the old men still at work in the fields. I was told that one reason for the antipathy of the poor to the workhouse is that there a person is compelled to keep clean and be regular in his habits. Cleanliness is a bugbear, and it is a com-



AT THE TUES.



A DEVON FARM FAMILY.

mon saying when a man is entering the workhouse, "Well, he won't last long. They'll soon wash him to death when he gets there."

The gentleman who entertained the paupers in his park had them brought from the workhouse in several waggons arched over with greens, and at the foot of his lawn he put up a big tent in which was spread a grand feast. After the servants had served dinner, the old people left the tent and disposed themselves comfortably on the grass and seats under the trees. Most of the old men gathered in the shade of a great beech, where tobacco and a basket of clay pipes were passed around.

The tobacco was a treat. Men in the workhouse are not allowed tobacco unless their age is over seventy. Even those who have an allowance are not satisfied, and it is the custom for visiting friends to bring along a little tobacco for a present when they call at the workhouse. As for the old

women, they complain about their allowance of tea. They are all very fond of the teapot by the time they go to the workhouse, and when friends call on one of the women paupers they present her with an ounce of tea, a little sugar, and possibly a few new-laid eggs.

While the old people were lounging and smoking, a red-uniformed band of music arrived, and spent two hours playing to the company. The gentleman who was the patron of the day joined in the paupers' celebration to the extent of lunching with a party of friends on the other side of the wide lawn. He thought the old people would enjoy themselves best if left alone. They were not at all demonstrative—their vitality had ebbed too low for that; but in their way they found it a grand occasion—one to talk of for weeks afterward. Like all good things, however, it had to have an end, and at eight o'clock the paupers were helped into their green-arboured wag-





GYPSIES ON THE ROAD.

gons and sent back to the workhouse.

In summing up the labourer's life as a whole, it cannot be said to lack a certain cheerfulness and even gaiety, in spite of hardships and in spite of the shadow that the workhouse casts over the elderly and decrepit. Wants are few and cares sit lightly. It is characteristic of the labouring folk that they live day by day. If they have work and food and housing now, they are not apprehensive about the morrow. It is people who have much to lose that worry. Happiness, too, depends largely on companionship, and that, both in their daily work and in their leisure, the English peasantry

never lack. Loneliness is not a feature of farm life in England, as it too often is here in America. The village gossip, the gatherings at the inn tap-rooms, the services at church and chapel, and the holidays and gala occasions furnish constantly recurring change and relaxation. The lives of the labourers are far from being empty and far from being uninteresting to themselves. Indeed, in my acquaintance with them, I found very few who had any desire to exchange the good of which they knew in beautiful Old England for the affluent uncertainties of our great colony beyond the seas.

## KISMET.

*By L. M. Montgomery.*

THE fifth heat in the free-for-all was just over. "Lu-Lu" had won, and the crowd on the grand stand and the hangers-on around the track were cheering themselves hoarse. Clear through the noisy clamour shrilled a woman's cry.

"Ah—I have dropped my score-card."

A man in front of her turned.

"I have an extra one, madame. Will you accept it?"

Her small, modishly-gloved hand closed eagerly on it before she lifted her eyes to his face. Both started convulsively. The man turned very pale, but the woman's ripe-tinted face coloured darkly.

"You?" she faltered.

His lips parted in the coldly-grave smile she remembered and hated.

"You are not glad to see me," he said calmly, "but that, I suppose, was not to be expected. I did not come here to annoy you. This meeting is as unexpected to me as to you. I had no suspicion that for the last half-hour I had been standing next to my—"

She interrupted him by an imperious

shapeless oddity. The backers of "Mascot," the rival favourite, looked gloomy.

The woman noticed nothing of all this. She was small, very pretty, still young, and gowned in a quite unmistakable way. She studied the man's profile furtively. He looked older than when she had seen him last—there were some silver threads gleaming in his close-clipped dark hair and short



DRAWING BY BEATRICE SULLIVAN.

"She studied the man's profile furtively."

gesture. Still clutching the score-card she half turned from him. Again he smiled, this time with a tinge of scorn, and shifted his eyes to the track.

None of the people around them had noticed the little by-play. All eyes were on the track, which was being cleared for the first heat of another race. The free-for-all horses were being led away blanketed. The crowd cheered "Lu-Lu" as she went past, a

pointed beard. Otherwise there was little change in the quiet features and somewhat stern grey eyes. She wondered if he had cared at all.

They had not met for five years. She shut her eyes and looked in on her past. It all came back very vividly. She had been eighteen when they were married—a gay, high-spirited girl and the season's beauty. He was much older and a quiet, serious student.

Her friends had wondered why she married him—sometimes she wondered herself, but she had loved him, or thought so.

The marriage had been an unhappy one. She was fond of society and gaiety, he wanted quiet and seclusion. She was impulsive and impatient, he deliberate and grave. The strong wills clashed. After two years of an unbearable sort of life they had separated—quietly, and without scandal of any sort. She had wanted a divorce, but he would not agree to that, so she had taken her own independent fortune and gone back to her own way of life. In the following five years she had

succeeded in burying all remembrance well out of sight. No one knew if she were satisfied or not; her world was charitable to her and she lived a gay and quite irreproachable life. She wished that she had not come to the races. It was such an irritating encounter. She opened her eyes wearily; the dusty track, the flying horses, the gay dresses of the women on the grand stand, the cloudless blue sky, the brilliant September sunshine, the purple distances all commingled in a glare that made her head ache. Before it all she saw the tall figure by her side, his face turned from her, watching the track intently.

She wondered with a vague curiosity what induced him to come to the races. Such things were not greatly in his line. Evidently their chance meeting had not disturbed him. It was a sign that he did not care. She sighed a little wearily and closed her eyes. When the heat was over he turned to her.

"May I ask how you have been since—since we met last? You are looking extremely well. Has Vanity Fair palled in any degree?"

She was angry at herself and him. Where had her careless society manner and well-bred composure gone? She felt weak and hysterical. What if she should burst into tears before the whole crowd—before those coldly critical grey eyes? She almost hated him.

"No—why should it? I have found it very pleasant—and I have been well—very well. And you?"

He jotted down the score carefully before he replied.

"I? Oh, a book-worm and reclusive always leads a placid life. I never cared for excitement, you know. I came down here to attend a sale of some rare editions, and a well-meaning friend dragged me out to see the races. I find it rather interesting, I must confess, much more so than I should have fancied. Sorry I can't stay until the end. I must go



"They left the grand stand together."

as soon as the free-for-all is over, if not before. I have backed 'Mascot;' you?"

"'Lu-Lu'" she answered quickly—it almost seemed defiantly. How horribly unreal it was—this carrying on of small talk, as if they were the merest of chance-met acquaintances! "She belongs to a friend of mine, so I am naturally interested."

"She and 'Mascot' are ties now—both have won two heats. One more for either will decide it. This is a good day for the races. Excuse me."

He leaned over and brushed a scrap of paper from her grey cloak. She shivered slightly.

"You are cold! This stand is draughty."

"I am not at all cold, thank you. What race is this?—oh! the three-minute one."

She bent forward with assumed interest to watch the scoring. She was breathing heavily. There were tears in her eyes—she bit her lips savagely and glared at the track until they were gone.

Presently he spoke again, in the low, even tone demanded by circumstances.

"This is a curious meeting, is it not?—quite a flavor of romance! By-the-way, do you read as many novels as ever?"

She fancied there was mockery in his tone. She remembered how very frivolous he used to consider her novel-reading. Besides, she resented the personal tinge. What right had he?

"Almost as many," she answered carelessly.

"I was very intolerant, wasn't I?" he said after a pause. "You thought so—you were right. You have been happier since you—left me?"

"Yes," she said defiantly, looking straight into his eyes.

"And you do not regret it?"

He bent down a little. His sleeve brushed against her shoulder. Something in his face arrested the answer she meant to make.

"I—I—did not say that," she murmured faintly.

There was a burst of cheering. The free-for-all horses were being brought out for the sixth heat. She turned away to watch them. The scoring began, and seemed likely to have no end. She was tired of it all. It didn't matter a pin to her whether "Lu-Lu" or "Mascot" won. What *did* matter! Had Vanity Fair after all been a satisfying exchange for love? He *had* loved her once, and they had been happy at first. She had never before said, even in her own heart: "I am sorry," but—suddenly she felt his hand on her shoulder, and looked up. Their eyes met. He stooped and said almost in a whisper:

"Will you come back to me?"

"I don't know," she whispered breathlessly, as one half fascinated.

"We were both to blame—but I the most. I was too hard on you—I ought to have made more allowance. We are wiser now both of us. Come back to me—my wife."

His tone was cold and his face expressionless. It was on her lips to cry out "No," passionately.

But the slender, scholarly hand on her shoulder was trembling with the intensity of his repressed emotion. He *did* care, then. A wild caprice flashed into her brain. She sprang up.

"See," she cried, "they're off now. This heat will probably decide the race. If 'Lu-Lu' wins I will not go back to you, if 'Mascot' does I will. That is my decision."

He turned paler, but bowed in assent. He knew by bitter experience how unchangeable her whims were, how obstinately she clung to even the most absurd.

She leaned forward breathlessly. The crowd hung silently on the track. "Lu-Lu" and "Mascot" were neck and neck, getting in splendid work. Half-way round the course "Lu-Lu" forged half a neck ahead, and her backers went mad. But one woman dropped her head in her hands and dared look no more. One man with white face and set lips watched the track unswervingly.

Again "Mascot" crawled up, inch by inch. They were on the home stretch, they were equal, the cheering broke out, then silence, then another terrific burst, shouts, yells and clappings—"Mascot" had won the free-for-all. In the front row a woman stood up, swayed and shaken as a leaf

in the wind. She straightened her scarlet hat and readjusted her veil unsteadily. There was a smile on her lips and tears in her eyes. No one noticed her. A man beside her drew her hand through his arm in a quiet proprietary fashion. They left the grand stand together.

## A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A ROMANCE.

*By Joanna E. Wood, Author of "The Untempered Wind", "Judith Moore", etc.*

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Sidney Martin, a young Bostonian, is visiting the Lansing farm. Mr. Lansing is a widower, but has living with him his daughter Vashti and his niece Mabella, two very charming maidens. Lansing Lansing, a cousin of both these girls, is in love with sweet, honest Mabella; while Sidney becomes enamoured of the proud, stately Vashti. But Vashti is in love with her cousin Lansing, or "Lanty," as he is called, and she is deadly jealous of Mabella's happiness. In this state of mind she accepts Sidney's attentions, and ultimately decides to marry him. She makes him promise, however, that he will never take her away from Dole, the little village close at hand, and asks him also to train himself for the position of successor to the Rev. Mr. Didymus, the present Congregational minister and sole clergyman of the village. Vashti's idea is that as wife of the minister she will be mistress of Dole with all the power for which her flinty, worldly soul craves. And when this "Daughter of Witches" so influences this nature-worshipping young man that he consents to enter the holy profession, she feels that her hour of vengeance will not be long delayed. Two years afterwards at the death-bed of the Rev. Mr. Didymus, Sydney and Vashti are married. Lanty and Mabella had been united some time previously.

### CHAPTER X.

FOR six months Sidney had been minister of Dole, and already his people adored him. Never had they heard such sweet and winning sermons; never had they realized the beauty and tenderness of the gospel, never had they gone to their church with such assurance of comfort as they did now.

As Sidney learned to know them better and better, he was enabled to comprehend more and more fully the narrow lives they led, the petty poverities which afflicted them, the sore struggle it was for most of them to make ends meet. Swayed by his great sympathy he sought in Holy Writ for all the words of comfort, peace, and promise. He read these passages to them in a voice which yearned towards them from his very heart, and then he would close the Bible and preach to them lessons of the sweetest and purest morality, illuminated by illustra-

tions drawn from the fields they tilled, from the woods, and from the varied phenomena of natural life as it was manifested about them; his discourses came to them with a sweet and home-like sense of comfort. Dumbly and instinctively they loved their barren hills and meagre meadows with a great love, and it seemed to them that now they were being given reasons for the love which was in them.

If Sidney did not preach Christ he at least preached His word—and in His spirit, and the people to whom he preached never doubted of the chaos which was in the soul of their teacher. Their teacher who night and day kept their joys and sorrows in his heart.

Sidney was walking home through the powdery snow to the parsonage when he met Temperance; her face was set, and she was evidently in some distress of mind. One of Sidney's first pastoral duties had been to marry Tem-



perance and Nathan. They were established in the old Lansing house, for Nathan had rented the farm. Old Mr. Lansing lived with them.

"Well, Temperance!" said Sidney, "It's an age since I've seen you; how's everyone with you?"

"Oh, well," said Temperance; "but"—looking at him shrewdly—"it don't seem to me that you are over and above well yourself."

Sidney laughed carelessly.

"Oh—I'm always well—except for the headaches, and Vashti cures them."

"Yes, I'll be bound she does," said Temperance irascibly. "You ain't got a mite of sense neither one of you; them passes and performances ain't good for you. I don't believe in 'em, and for a minister! Sakes! they say you are an angel in the village; take care you don't get to be one."

"Then you have your doubts about my being angelic?" said Sidney laughing.

Temperance coloured but did not give way.

"Men's men," she said; "only some of them are better nor others," then she paused and grew grave and troubled again.

"You've something worrying you," said Sidney kindly; "what is it?"

"Well," said Temperance, "I don't know if I'm over anxious or not but—have you heard anything about Lanty lately?"

"Yes, I did," admitted Sidney, "and I was terribly sorry to hear it. Do you suppose it can be true?"

"I don't want to believe it," said Temperance, two bright red spots burning on her cheeks; "but—but—well—Nathan was over at Brixton today, and Lanty was there, and he was—not himself."

"Oh poor Mabella!" said Sidney; "I'm so sorry. I never dreamt it could be true. What can be done?"

"Nothing—that I know of," said Temperance. "M'bella's close as wax and quite right too, but she's got a worried look; I can see through M'bella, and as for Lanty, well—it would be a

pretty brave one that would speak to Lanty—he has a look!"

Sidney was in truth more distressed than he could say. That Lanty, bold, bright, honest-hearted Lanty should give way to intemperance was grievous. Sidney had always entertained a great admiration for the young countryman, who was indeed almost the antithesis of Sidney. The simplicity of his nature was very charming to this supra-sensitive man who scourged his own soul with introspective inquisition. Lanty's calm and careless acceptance of the facts of life, without question as to their why and wherefore, his happy life of work with his wife and child, seemed to Sidney something to be admired as very wholesome, if not envied as being very desirable. That he should imperil this happiness seemed most tragic to Sidney.

After he parted from Temperance he walked slowly on.

It was true; Lanty had "a look." His bold eyes which had once looked so fearlessly into all the eyes they met had now changed a little. There was a kind of piteous challenge in them as of one who should say to his fellows "accuse me if you dare." Alas, over-eager denial is often an admission of guilt. The tongues had been hissing his name from house to house for long in Dole, and gradually the conviction spread that Lanty Lansing was drinking much and often—and it was true.

It was the direct result of his popularity. He had been going very often to Brixton during the past year, and there he had fallen in with a set of men who drank a great deal; the country lawyers, an old toper of a doctor, a banker and two or three idle men who spent their time in the back rooms of their friends' offices. Mixed up with this set Lanty did his drinking unseen; but alas the effects were very visible. But strange to say up to this time not one of the Dole worthies had seen him drunk.

It would seem that even chance was constrained to aid Mabella Lansing in the really heroic efforts she made to hide her degradation from the censo-

rious little world about her. That she and her husband were in any sense divisible she never dreamed. Her comprehension of the unity of marriage forbade that. That Lanty could sin apart from her, or be judged apart from her, or condemned apart from her never occurred to her simple loyal mind. As for turning upon his delinquencies the search-light of her righteousness; or posing as a martyr and bespeaking the pity of her friends as so many modern wives do—well, she had none of that treachery in her. She suffered all his repentances in her own proper person and without the anæsthetic poison which sometimes numbed him to the pain of his regrets.

At this time Mabella's little child was a source of ineffable strength and solace to its mother. Its yellow head, so like Lanty's own, brightened the days he was making so dark. Mabella, grown afraid to look at the future, spent many hours contemplating her baby. Its eyes—like bits of the blue heaven; the tiny feet whose soles were yet all uncalled by the stones of life; the clinging hands which had as yet let fall no joy, nor grasped any thorns.—these were joys unspeakable to this mother as they have been to so many. Truly "heaven lies about us in our infancy," and now and then from the celestial atmosphere about this child a warm sense of peace, a saving thrill of hope reached out to the mother's heart. O wonderful woman heart, which, like the wholesome maple, gives forth the more sweetness the more it is pierced!

Her neighbours took up the habit of visiting her frequently. Going early and staying late, with the laudable intention of forcing themselves into a confidence denied them.

To see Lanty pass to Brixton was a signal to start to his house, there to talk to Mabella until such time as Lanty returned; and poor Mabella, all her old-fashioned wifely fidelity up in arms, talked to them bravely. They had sharp ears these mothers in Israel, but not so sharp as to outstrip Mabella's love-quickenened senses.

When Lanty came back she heard

his horse afar—before he came to the fork in the road even—and making some simple excuse to her visitor, she would speed out at the back door, see him, know if all was well. If his gait was unsteady and his blue eyes dazed, she would persuade him to go quietly up the back way. Happily at such times he was like wax in her hands. Then she would return to her visitor with some little lie about straying turkeys or depredating cows.

Oh, Eternal Spirit of Truth! Are not these lies writ in letters of gold for our instruction amid the most sacred precepts?

Once indeed Lanty did come into the room where Mrs. Simpson sat. His eyes were blurred; he swayed a little and asked loudly for the baby.

"I will find her," said Mabella quietly, though her heart sickened within her, and rising she led him from the room.

"Lanty, dear, you'll go upstairs and lie down?"

He looked at her white face; the truth gradually struggling in upon him; without a word he turned and crept up the back stairs like a beaten dog going to hide.

Mabella returned to the sitting-room taking her baby with her; she felt that she needed some fount of strength whilst encountering Mrs. Simpson's talk. When she entered, Mrs. Simpson greeted her with an indescribable pantomime of pursed-up lips, doleful eyes, uplifted hands and lugubrious shakes of the head. Even Mrs. Simpson dared not seek in words to break down Mabella's reticence, so baffling and forbidding was its wifely dignity.

Mabella regarded Mrs. Simpson's pantomime quietly.

"Are you not feeling well, Mrs. Simpson?" she asked. "Are you in pain?"

Mrs. Simpson arrested her pantomime with a jerk, and sitting very erect, quivering with righteous wrath and excitement over the exclusive information she possessed, she said:

"I'm real well—I am. I only thought—but I guéss I'm keeping you;

p'raps you've got other things to do. Isn't Lanty needin' you?"

"No," said Mabella, "Lanty is not needing me. What made you think that? And I hope you'll stay to tea. I've just put the kettle forward."

"No—I can't stay," said Mrs. Simpson. "I only came to visit for a while and I've stayed and stayed." Mrs. Simpson had at the moment but one desire on earth, which was to spread the news of Lanty's fall.

"I sort o' promised to visit Mrs. Ranger this week. I've visited a long spell with you now. I guess I'll be going on. My! How like her father that young one do grow!"

"Yes, doesn't she?" said Mabella, and the gladness in her voice was unfeigned.

Miss Simpson took the goose quill out of her apron band, in which her knitting needle rested, and measured the stocking she was knitting with her second finger.

"Well!" she said, "I declare I've done a full half finger sence I been settin' here! This is my visitin' knittin'. I hain't done a loop in this stockin' but what's been done in the neighbours'. I cast it on up to Vashti's. My soul! I never can come to callin' her nothing but Vashti, if she be the minister's wife! I cast it on up there, and the preacher he was real took up with the three colours of yarn being used at in one. You have the three threads once and he sez, sez he: "'Why, Mrs. Simpson, you're all three fates in your own hands.' Then he said to Vashti, 'That would be fittin' work for you Vashti.' Well, I knowed Vashti could never manover them three threads at once, but I didn't say nothin', bein' as I thought he was took up with the stockin' and wanted Vashti to make him some. Then he told about some woman named Penellepper that was great on knittin'. The only girl I ever knowed by that name was Penellepper Shinar, and she certingly was a great knitter; she used to knit herself open-work white-thread stockings. Well, she came to a fine end with her vanities! I wonder if 'twas

her Mr. Martin meant? Folks did say she was living gay in Boston, though 'twas said too that she went fur west somewheres and school-teached. Suz! It would be queer if 'twas her Mr. Martin meant!"

"Mr. Martin gets all those stories out of old books, in learned tongues," said Mabella simply. "When he stayed at the farm he used to tell us all sorts of stories."

"Women in books is mostly bad 'uns," said Mrs. Simpson, by this time arrayed in the old *crêpe* bonnet which had been bought as mourning for Len, and which she now wore as second best. "That holds good even to the Bible and the newspapers. And as for a preacher mixing himself up with them, I don't hold with it. But being that they're mostly dead it don't matter so much, and judging from all accounts they was good riddance when they died."

What a requiem over the "dear dead women" to whom so many songs have been sung!

"How that scented geranium grows! It beats all," said Mrs. Simpson, as Mabella escorted her to the garden gate. For anyone to have let a visitor depart alone from the doorstep would have been a scandal in Dole.

"Won't you have a slip?" said Mabella, setting down Dorothy and bending over the plant. "Its apple scented; Lanty bought it off a peddler's waggon over in Brixton in the spring; it has grown wonderfully."

She broke off a branch, ran for a bit of paper, put a little ball of earth round the stem, wrapped it up and gave it to Mrs. Simpson.

"Well, it's real generous of you to break it, Mabella; but you know the proverb, 'A shared loaf lasts long.'"

"Yes, it's true I'm sure," said Mabella.

She accompanied Mrs. Simpson to the gate and held up the baby to wave good-bye.

And Mrs. Simpson sped down the road with the fleetness of foot which betokens the news bringer.

She turned at the fork in the road

and looked back at the square house against its background of trees. Mabella was still at the gate with the yellow-headed baby.

"Well," said Mrs. Simpson to herself, "Them Lansings is certainly most tormented proud! Sich pretences! And would I stay to tea! My! I wonder Mabella Lansing can look a body in the face Gracious! She must think we're a set of dumbheads, if she thinks every soul in Dole can't see how things is goin' with Lanty. It's the drinkin' uncle coming out clear in him that's sure."

Mrs. Simpson arrived at her friend's house in ample time for tea, and under the stimulus of excitement made an excellent repast.

Without criticism upon the Dole people it must be admitted that a scandal in their midst, such as this, had much the same exhilaration about it for them that a camp meeting had.

Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Ranger talked over all the ins and outs of the Lansing family history. It was all equally well known to each, but after all, it is an absorbing and amusing thing to rake over well-hoed ground.

Public opinion had long since been pronounced upon the events which these two worthy women cited, not only that, but the grist of diverse opinions had been winnowed by the winds of time till only the grain of public decision was left.

So that when Mrs. Simpson expressed her opinion emphatically in regard to any point, she knew Mrs. Ranger would agree with her, and, knowing every link in the chain of events, knew exactly what would be suggested to the other's memory by her own remark.

But it is a great mistake to think these conversations devoid of mental stimulus. It required great adroitness to prevent the other person from seizing upon the most dramatic situations and making them hers.

Then, too, though this was an unholy thing, there was always the odd chance that an opinion, differing from that pigeon-holed in the Dole memory as correct, might be advanced. In

this case it was one's bounden duty to strive by analogy, illustration, and rhetoric, to bring the sinner back to the fold of the majority.

Nor must it be supposed that history handed down thus, crystallized into meaningless dictums. The lights and shadows were forever shifting, and when any new incident occurred the other cogent incidents in the chain were instantly magnified and dilated upon, and for the time being stood forward boldly in the foreground of the pedigree under consideration, remaining the salient points until such time as some new event shed lustre upon another set of incidents.

In view of the sensation of the moment, the "drunken uncle" loomed like an ominous spectre across the long vistas of the Lansing genealogy. For the moment he was regarded as the direct progenitor of all the Lansings, although he had died unmarried fifty years before Lanty's birth.

Mrs. Simpson added another half finger to her fateful stocking, with its triune thread ere she quitted, Mrs. Ranger's that night.

"Well, I declare," she said, as she stood on the step in the greyness of the falling night. "I declare! I most forgot the slip Mabella gave me. It's on the bed where my bunnit was," she added to little Jimmy Ranger, who went in search of it. "It's real rare that generanium is, apple scented—smell," breaking off a leaf, pinching it, and holding it under Mrs. Ranger's nose. "Come up as soon as you can," she added, descending the two steps.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ranger, "we're going to Brixton for the blankets that have been spun of last year's wool, next week, and p'raps we'll drop in on the way home."

"Do," said Mrs. Simpson, "and you kin stay supper and visit a spell; our cider'll be made by then. Len's been over to the cooper about the mill this week. But if you should hear anything in the meantime, jest put on your bunnit and come acrost the fields neighborly."

"Yes, I will," said Mrs. Ranger;

"I guess things is comin' to a head; I wouldn't be surprised any day——"

There was a long pause.

"Nor Me," said Mrs. Simpson emphatically, "Good night."

"Good night. It gets dark real soon now."

"Yes, there's quite a tang to the air to-night. It'll be frost in no time."

"Well," soliloquized Mrs. Simpson, as she betook herself home, "Liz Ranger thinks just the same's I do; that's evident. My sakes! How Mabella Lansing can go through with it is more'n I can figure."

"It's terrible!" said Mrs. Ranger, going back leisurely to the house. "It's downright terrible. I guess Lanty went on awful to-day. Mrs. Simpson is jest full of it, but sakes! I should think she'd kind of talk low of drinkin' and sich, remembering her own Len. He was a rip, Len Simpson was, if ever there was one! But that don't seem to be a bridle on Gert Simpson's tongue. It's enough to bring a jidgment on to her, the way she talks. I wonder how Temp'rins Tribbey 'll like Lanty's goin's on?"

These reflections of Mrs. Ranger's upon Mrs. Simpson were no doubt edifying, but certainly she had carried on the conversation with quite as great a gusto as Mrs. Simpson. And if she had not enjoyed it as much it was only because Mrs. Simpson, being a redoubtable conversationalist, had filched the finest morsels of the retrospective talk for herself, it was therefore probably more a sense of wounded *amour propre* than genuine condemnation of Mrs. Simpson which led her to criticize the latter's conversational methods.

Mrs. Ranger had an uneasy and unsatisfactory idea that she had merely given Mrs. Simpson her cues.

Mabella made strong coffee that night for supper instead of tea. She dressed Dorothy in the beribboned dress that Sidney had sent from Boston. She talked cheerily and brightly to her husband. She rose from her place and came round with his cup and put it beside him, letting one hand fall with a passing but loving touch upon

his shoulder as she did so. But she did not look at his face once during all the time of supper. She dreaded to see the crown of shame upon the brow of her king. For herein again Mabella showed the steadfastness of her adherence to her husband. She suffered because he suffered. It was not the fear of the scandal that would arise, it was not the thought of her own probable future which stung her to the heart, although these thoughts were both bitter as wormwood.

It was the knowledge that Lanty, her Lanty, who was her guide, her everything, was shamed. It was the harm he was doing himself that she deplored, not the reflection of his behaviour upon herself.

How many of the women who proclaim their own patience and their husband's shortcomings upon the house-tops think of this? Not long since a certain woman, bediamonded and prosperous, was demanding sympathy from her dear half-dozen friends, recounting to them the derelictions of her husband. "There's only one comfort," she said; "after every break he makes, he always gives me a handsome present. That's always something." Yet we wonder that there are cynics!

There was no word spoken between Lanty and Mabella in reference to the afternoon. But that night in the darkness Lanty suddenly drew her into his arms.

She laid her cheek against his; both faces were wet with tears.

There was poignant apology made and free, full, loving pardon given all in that instant.

And Mabella wept out her pain on his breast.

But the shame and bitterness and self-contempt ate into Lanty's heart like a venomous canker. . . .

All this had been in the late autumn, just after the death of old Mr. Didymus, and now it was spring and all through the winter Mabella had suffered, and hoped, and prayed, and despaired, and now it had come to this that Nathan had seen Lanty intoxicated in Brixton!



Sidney went back to the parsonage sorely troubled at heart. Vashti stood in the doorway.

Her beauty struck him freshly and vividly. It was his whim that she should dress in rich and beautiful stuffs, and Vashti was quite willing to subscribe to it. Dole groaned in spirit at the spectacle of its minister's wife in such worldly garb as she wore, but Dole would have borne much at Sidney's hands.

To-day she was clothed in a softly draped house-gown of Persian colouring, bound by a great cord girdle about her waist; it fell in long classic lines to her feet. Vashti's face had gained in majesty and strength since her marriage. She was thinner, but that, instead of making against her beauty, raised it to a higher plane. There was a certain luxuriousness in her temperament which made her rejoice in the beautiful things with which Sidney surrounded her. She felt instinctively that she gained in forcefulness and in individuality from her setting. And, indeed, she fitted in well amid the beautiful pictures and hangings with which Sidney had adorned the enlarged parsonage. She had always seemed too stately, too queenly, for her commonplace calicoes and cashmeres. Her mien and stature had made her surroundings seem poor and inadequate. But in this gem of a house she shone like a jewel fitly set. Sidney had had his own way about the primary arrangements, and had installed a strong working woman in the kitchen with Sally, the ex-native of Blueberry Alley, as her under-study.

Vashti was perfectly content with this, and, whilst she knew all Dole was whispering about her, held upon her way undisturbed. She had developed, to Sidney's intense joy, a very decided taste in the matter of books. Her mind was precisely of the calibre to take on a quick and brilliant polish. She read assiduously, and her perceptions were wonderfully acute.

Her beginnings in literary appreciation were not those of a weakling. Her mental powers were of such order that

from the first she assimilated and digested the strong, rich food of the English classics.

She delighted in verse or prose which depicted the conflict of passion and will, of circumstances and human determination. Alas, her education only made her more determined to gain her purpose, more contemptuous of the obstacles which opposed her.

And yet, if her purpose had not been of the most steadfast, she might well have been discouraged.

Lanty and Mabella seemed so securely happy. Vashti was, however, gaining an ascendancy over her husband which almost puzzled herself. She had no comprehension whatever of the nature of the power by which she was enabled to cause a deep mesmeric sleep to fall upon him. Nor did she understand in the least how gradually but surely she was disintegrating his will. When his headaches came on now half a dozen gestures of her waving hands were sufficient to induce the hypnoses which brought him forgetfulness. Ignorant of the potency of suggestion she often stood watching him whilst he slept, feeling within her the striving of her dominant will, as of an imprisoned spirit striving to burst the confining bars.

"Come into the study," said Sidney, as he reached her side. "I have some very bad news."

"My father?" she said.

"No, Lanty." She blanched to the tint of the powdery snow. Together they went to the study, and he told her.

Her breath came quickly.

Was the longed-for opportunity to be given into her hands at last?

With all her mental activity she could not yet guess how Lanty's decadence might yield her the opportunity she craved.

But the position of affairs had seemed so barren of hope for her that any change seemed to make revenge more near.

So the evil in her leaped and strove upward like a flame given fresh fuel and freer air.

## CHAPTER XI.

The fragrant pink arbutus had replaced the snow-wreaths upon the hill-sides, the downy whorls of the first fern fronds were pushing through the dark-brown leaves, the fragile hepaticas had opened their sweet eyes wide, when one morning Sidney took the sloping path which led up the hill overlooking Dole.

His face was pale and drawn, his grey eyes half distraught, his slender, nervous hands clinched as if to hold fast to some strand of hope, some last remnant of courage, some crumb of consolation for that moment when his soul, utterly bereft, should cry aloud in desolation.

Sidney Martin preached to his people sweet and wholesome sermons, instinct with the hopefulness and charity of one who believes that, "all things work together for good," and that "the mute beyond is just," but in his own soul was chaos.

Always sensible of his personal responsibility towards his fellows, he had now become almost morbid upon the subject.

The old workman had known Sidney better than Sidney had known himself, and his prophecies were being fulfilled.

Happy as Sidney was in his husbandhood, yet the possession of Vashti was not a narcotic strong enough to stupefy his keen spiritual nature.

Every Sunday before he entered the pulpit he endured a Gethsemane; every time he quitted it he sought the faces of his people yearningly, pitiably, eager to be assured that his words had comforted them.

He spent all his time thinking of and for them, and he had won closer to their hearts than he guessed. They gave him confidences which had been withheld from their fellows for years, and thus let in to the closed chambers in their humble lives, he was able to justify himself to Vashti for the very lenient way in which he looked upon their lapses. He sometimes wondered that their common experiences of poverty and effort did not make them

more considerate in their judgments upon each other. But they found in him always a merciful judge. He visited their homes, he knew their hopes and fears, he appreciated the pathos of their narrow ambitions, at which a less great-hearted man might have laughed.

He went into the little school-house frequently, and strove in simple words to awaken the children to the beauty about them, to the possibilities of life. He had great hopes of the children. Already he had singled out several whom he thought might make scholars. He promised himself that they should be given the opportunity.

He had been going to the school that morning when a little incident occurred which awakened all his most poignant doubts of himself, and the righteousness of his ministry.

Passing by the school-playground, he had seen some evil words chalked up in a school-boy hand upon the board fence. It was like a blow in the face to Sidney—so eager to instil the doctrines of sweetness and light into these children. Why, O why had that boyish hand traced the symbols to form that evil idea? It was as if a clear spring should suddenly cast up mud instead of water.

Sidney effaced the words, but turned away from the school. The whole morning was poisoned for him. Poor Sidney! Doubtless he was supra-sensitive, and yet—why had not the boy chosen some sweet and beautiful words to write upon that sunny spring morning? Surely they would have been more in keeping with the whole world as the boy's eyes saw it?

We may smile at Sidney as he agonizes alone upon the hill, but it was by such vigils as these that he won so close to the heart of the God in whom he had no belief.

Sidney wandered about in the woods upon the hillside till gradually some little of the peace of the day entered into his spirit. He gathered a bunch of arbutus to take home to Vashti. He encountered no one upon the return journey but Mr. Simpson, who "pass-

ed the time of day" with the minister, as he said afterwards, and then proceeded to try to draw him out regarding Lanty. It was very easy for Sidney to parry old Mr. Simpson's queries, but they made him very uneasy nevertheless.

Vashti whitened as Sidney related the circumstances to her.

Could there be anything new? she wondered. Sidney had one of his intense headaches, and, after the mid-day meal, Vashti proposed to give him ease from it by putting him into a sleep.

"You are my good angel, Vashti," he said, catching her fingers as she made the first pass across his forehead, and kissing them one by one. She looked down at him, for he lay upon the green leather couch in the study, and smiled almost tenderly. His continual sweetness of temper, his unselfishness, his thoughtfulness, and, above all, his great adoration for her had touched her greatly since their marriage. She was too keen an observer, too clever a woman, not to recognize that this man was head and shoulders above the men she had known. She had moments when she was enraged against herself for loving Lanty instead of her husband, but yet her heart never wavered in its allegiance to her yellow-haired cousin. There was something in his magnificent physique, his superabundant energy, his almost arrogant virility, which appealed to her. Beneath that calm, pale face of hers were strong passions, sleeping, but stirring in their sleep at the voice which did not call them.

Sidney, or Sidney's welfare, would never weigh with her a featherweight if balanced against a chance of winning Lanty from her cousin, or of revenging herself upon them both, yet there were times when she wished that it had been any other man than Sidney who was bound to her.

"It is you who are good," she said. "The village people think you are a saint."

"Vashti," said Sidney, wistfully. "Do you think I do them good?"

"Indeed, yes," said Vashti, "just think how they turn out to church. Its something wonderful."

Sidney's eyes lighted up with delight of her praise.

"Oh, Vashti!" he said, "I am so glad. I often wonder if you are satisfied with my work. You know it was you who ordained me to the priesthood."

A slow colour stole into her cheeks. She waved her hands soothingly above his brow, then posing two fingers upon his temples where the pain was, said gently but imperatively, "*sleep, sleep,*" and almost immediately, with her name upon his lips, he closed his eyes and fell into a deep slumber.

She leaned back in her chair and looked about the room, so manifestly the sanctum of a man of taste. The bookshelves which extended round and round the room to the height of a man's shoulder, were filled with books uniformly bound in dark green leather.

This was a miracle in Dole, and Sally was wont to dilate upon the astonishing circumstance, and marvel that Mister Martin could find the one he wanted among so many all alike. The mere fact of the titles being different did not appeal to Sally.

Above the bookshelves against a soft harmonious background were beautiful etchings from the paintings Sidney loved. Millet's peasants, Burne-Jones' beautiful women, Meissonier's cavaliers, Rossetti's "Beata Beatrix." Upon the top of the bookshelves were two exquisite marbles, the winged Victory of Samothrace, and the Venus de Milo, and one bronze—the famous wing-footed Mercury, slender, lithe, and seeming ever to sweep on with the messages of the gods.

Vashti sat long there, then she remembered that it was the day of the sewing circle. The meeting was at the house of Mrs. Winder that day.

Vashti rose and left the room, she put on her hat, paused to look at herself in her glass, and smiled to think of how the women would whisper, when her back was turned, about her Boston gown and her modish hat.

Vashti rather liked to amaze her fellow-women. With all her strength of mind there was much femininity about her, and when it came to prodding up other women she was an adept.

As she passed the open study door she paused and looked in where her husband lay, sunk in the unconsciousness of a hypnotic sleep. For a moment she had a great desire to awaken him, but still softened by unwonted tenderness she refrained from doing so. Vashti liked not only to parade her Boston finery before the sewing circle, but also her husband.

After all, being the minister's wife in Dole had charms.

"If I had only told him to come for me," she said regretfully. "I wish he would, at five o'clock. I've a mind to wake him up and ask him." She hesitated. The light slanted in across Sidney's face, its pallor shone out startingly.

She turned away and ere long was nearing Mrs. Winder's. She walked slowly up the path to the front door. Sidney often forgot that it was one of the preacher's privileges to do this, but Vashti always remembered what was fitting; besides she knew the window of the sitting-room commanded the little path, and she thought the sewing circle might just as well be edified by her progress from the gate as not.

"My! Vashti is most terrible cherked up in her dress," said Mrs. Ranger to Mrs. Winder.

"Yes, that gown'd must have cost a lot, but they say 'tis by the preacher's wish."

"Who said that?" asked Mrs. Simpson.

"Well," said Mrs. Ranger volubly, "I heard that too; it was Sally, up at the preacher's, that told young Mary Shinar, and Mary Shinar told Tom, and Tom had it over to our Ab at Brixton a week come Saturday, that the preacher draws the patternings for Vashti's gownds, and colours them himself, and measures Vashti with a tape line, and sends the hull thing off to somewheres in Bosting, and Sally up at the preacher's says that when they come from

Bosting the sleeves and the waist is all filled full of silk paper to hold 'em in shape, and that it's like a body in a coffin when the lid is taken off, and—yes, my turkeys has been laying for a week now," concluded Mrs. Ranger with an abrupt change of subject and tone, for Vashti at that moment entered the room. Now Vashti herself had ere now switched off her conversation to a side track, and when she heard Mrs. Ranger answering a question which had not been asked, she smiled in a manner to make even Mrs. Ranger uncomfortable.

Vashti had hardly taken her place before Temperance entered, and presently the twenty or thirty women were busy with their needles upon the somewhat formless garments which are supposed to conduce to the salvation of the heathen, and whilst their needles were busy their tongues kept pace.

There were many things of importance to be discussed, the health of Vashti's father (who had had another stroke), the setting of hens, the finding of turkeys' nests, house cleaning and garden making—the springtime in the country is always a busy time—and above and beyond all these things there was a most exciting subject, the downfall of a certain Ann Serrup; of this the matrons whispered together.

"Has Mr. Martin been over yet?" asked Mrs. Winder of Vashti, after trying in several indirect ways to find out.

"No," said Vashti, "I don't think he has heard of it. I didn't tell him and I don't think anyone has."

"If you take my advice," said Temperance, making her needle whistle through the cotton, "If you take my advice you'll keep the preacher away from that mess. He's that soft-hearted that he's liable to be taken in—besides it's more likely a woman's help she needs. Laws, I oftning think of Ann, all alone. Why don't you go yourself, Vashti?"

"I have thought of it for a couple of months," said Vashti. "It's nearly a year old now isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Winder proceed-

ing to give data. "But sakes! Why couldn't she stay over Brixton way without coming into our parish with her brat."

"They have souls," said Vashti, suddenly drawing the mantle of the preacher's wife about her.

"Well, one of 'em shouldn't have," said Mrs. Ranger irately. "Sakes, I don't know what girls is coming to!"

"I expect she didn't have much chance," said Temperance deprecatingly.

"That's no excuse for sin," said Vashti austerely.

Temperance sniffed audibly. The clock struck five, and a footstep sounded upon the porch of the backdoor.

"Run see who that is," said Mrs. Winder to Jimmy.

The women held their needles suspended midway in the stitch, and Sidney's voice came cheerily from the kitchen.

"Why lands sake! It's Mr. Martin and by the kitching too!" said Mrs. Winder bustling forward to welcome him.

He entered gracefully, greeting them all in his gentle genial way which seemed to bring him so close to their hearts; but his eyes sought out Vashti where she sat half anticipative—half dreaming of the words he would say. Somehow it seemed to her that she was taking part in a scene which had been rehearsed long since and which grew slowly into her recollection. Sidney would say—she thought the words and Sidney's voice seemed the audible echo of the phrase, "You wanted me to come at five," he said; I just woke up in time; it was fortunate I did not forget. Are you going over to see your father?"

"Yes," said Vashti rising mechanically, a strange mingling of awe and exaltation, not unmixed with fear, at her heart.

"You will excuse my wife if she is lazy to-day Mrs. Winder," said Sidney laughing, "but I hope you won't follow her bad example and leave off before the six o'clock bell; we must have full time in the sewing-class!"

There was a general smile at this mild wit. Minister's jokes are always highly appreciated.

"What a beautiful view you get from this window," said Sidney, looking out across to the hill. Mrs. Winder saw her opportunity and took it.

"Yes," she said, "but you get a terrible fine view from the window in the front room—just step in, if you'll take the trouble," so saying Mrs. Winder threw open the door of the sacred front room, revealing all its glories to Sidney's gaze, and preceding him with a great assumption of unconsciousness, she rolled up the paper blind and pointed out of the window.

Sidney looked, and saw almost opposite him a new frame barn whose pine walls showed glaringly and somewhat oppressively in the sun.

"The new barn 'll be done in two weeks," said Mrs. Winder as Sidney turned away; "you see it lengthways from here."

"It looks very well," said Sidney kindly. Then he bade them all goodbye and departed with Vashti, who was silently marvelling. This was the first inkling Vashti had of the force of "suggestion."

Meanwhile the tongues buzzed in the company they had left. The women were conversationally inclined; excitement is a great stimulant to the flow of ideas, and certainly this meeting of the sewing-circle had had its sensation. Mrs. Winder's boldness in inveigling the preacher in to see the glories of the front room had been appreciated at its full worth. Not one of these dames but had cherished a secret longing to show off her front room to Sidney—but so far he knew only the mundane comfortableness of the "setting-rooms."

Mrs. Winder had scored largely that day.

And the meeting was not over.

Mrs. Ranger had been irritated that afternoon in various ways. Vashti's smile when she entered had made Mrs. Ranger uncomfortable.

"Although," as she said to Mrs. Winder, "what could she expect? My sakes! I don't care if she did hear



me! It's all gospel truth and what can she expect, being the preacher's wife, but to be talked about?"

What indeed?

Then, too, Mrs. Ranger felt Mrs. Winder had indulged in reprehensibly sharp practice in regard to the front room—and—but it is needless to enumerate the different irritations which, combined, made Mrs. Ranger venomous. She felt she must ease the pressure upon her patience by giving some one's character a thorough overhauling; so with a side look at Temperance, and a tightening of her meagre mouth, she began to speak of Lanty.

Now in Dole, if any subject was brought up which hurt or pained you, you were expected to look indifferent, make no reply, and strive by keeping a calm front to deny the honour of putting on the shoe when it fitted.

The Spartan boy's heroism has often been out-done by women who smiled and smiled whilst venomous tongues seared their hearts. So Mrs. Ranger began boldly, as one does who fires from under cover at an unarmed foe.

But Temperance had been so long one of the Lansing family that she had assimilated a little of their "unexpectedness," and as Mrs. Ranger continued her remarks, egged on by acquiescing nods from the other women, there began to gather upon the brow of Temperance a deep black cloud.

Mrs. Ranger paused in her harangue to gather breath for her peroration, when suddenly the thread of talk was plucked from her ready lips by the strident voice of Temperance, who, rising to her feet, and gathering her sewing together as she spoke, proceeded to deliver herself of an opinion upon the charity of the women about her. In whatever particular that opinion erred, it certainly merited praise for its frankness. After Temperance had indulged in a few pungent generalizations she narrowed her remarks to Mrs. Ranger's case. Never in all the annals of Dole had any woman received such a "setting out" from the tongue of another as Mrs. Ranger received that day from

Temperance. Temperance spoke with a knowledge of her subject which gave play to all the eloquence she was capable of; she discussed and disposed of Mrs. Ranger's forebears even to the third generation, and when she allowed herself finally to speak of Mrs. Ranger in person, she expressed herself with a freedom and decision which could only have been the result of settled opinion.

"As for your tongue Mrs. Ranger, to my mind, it's a deal like a snake's tail—it will keep on moving after the rest of you is dead."

With which remark Temperance departed from the sewing circle which had metaphorically squared itself to resist the swift onslaught of her invectives; she gathered her skirts about her as she passed through the room, with the air of one fain to avoid contamination, and stepping forth as one who shakes the dust from off her prunella shoes as a testimony against those she is leaving, she took the road home. Temperance's mouth was very grim, and a hectic spot burned the sallowness of her cheeks, but she said to herself as she strode off briskly:

"Well—I 'spose its onchristian but its a mighty relief t' have told that Mrs. Ranger just once what I think of her—but oh pore Lanty and pore, pore M'bella! To think it should come about like this!"

And the red spots upon her cheeks were extinguished by bitter tears.

The sewing circle broke up in confusion; one could only hear a chorus of "Well—I declare" "It beats all!" "Did you ever!" as the ladies bundled their work together—each eager to get home to spread the news and to discuss the matter with her husband.

And that night in the starlight Mabella waited at the little gate listening for the hoof beats of Lanty's horse from one side, and the cry of little Dorothy from the house, behind her.

And when Lanty came—alas! What "God's glowworms" in the sky revealed, we shall not say.

But we will echo the words of Temperance—"Pore Lanty—pore, pore M'bella!"

*(To be continued.)*

## BIRDS OF THE GARDEN.

### SECOND PAPER.

*By C. W. Nash; with Drawings by the Author.*

PERHAPS the most sociable of all our native birds is the chipping sparrow, which usually makes its appearance between the tenth and the fifteenth of April. It may be distinguished from all our other summer sparrows by its small size and bright chestnut crown, and by its confiding gentle ways. If not harassed by cats it will frequent the doorsteps and verandahs of our houses, and build its nest in any ornamental shrub about the lawn. I once saw a nest placed among some trailing plants growing from a hanging basket on a verandah at a friend's house; the young were raised and the old birds visited them and fed them, without paying the slightest attention to the people who might be occupying the verandah at the time.

Chippy's simple nest structure is composed of fine roots and grass, always lined with horsehair; in it are laid four or five pale bluish eggs, spotted and scrawled over with purplish brown.

These birds remain with us until about the middle of September, when they start off on their long journey to the extreme southern States and Mexico, where they spend the winter.

#### THE SAPSUCKER.

About the same date as that on which the chippy arrives, the yellow-bellied woodpeckers or sapsuckers appear, and they are generally quite common about our orchards and gardens for a week or two, after which the great majority of them drift on northward. They breed throughout their range in Ontario, but the bulk of them resort to the northern forests for that purpose. This species is worthy of some attention, because it is owing

to its propensity for boring trees to obtain the rising sap that more or less odium has attached to all the other woodpeckers, though none of them are addicted to this practice.

The sapsucker undoubtedly does in the spring drill small holes in the bark of trees to obtain the sap which flows from them, but though I have investigated the matter pretty closely during the last thirty years, I have never yet seen any greater harm result to the tree from the bird's operations than a slight disfigurement, and that only occasionally. This bird's food consists of insects which it obtains from the trunk and larger branches of trees, principally of those mature insects which resort to such places for the purpose of hiding in the crevices or depositing their eggs there. It also eats large numbers of ants. So that apart from its sap-drinking proclivities the bird's usefulness is beyond question, and I am satisfied that fruit growers and horticulturists would find it to their interest to protect this and all other woodpeckers, instead of destroying them, for they form the natural safeguard against the tree-boring insects.

Early in September the sapsuckers again become abundant in southern Ontario for a time, and re-visit their spring haunts, but by the first of October they have all sought their winter home which is (for the bulk of them) south of latitude 37°.

#### THE MYRTLE WARBLER.

About the twentieth of April the first myrtle warblers will in all probability show themselves, and by the twenty-fifth they will in most seasons have become abundant everywhere. They are readily distinguishable from any other

of the birds frequenting the garden at this season, by the four clearly marked yellow patches on their plumage; the crown, tail coverts and a patch on each side of the breast being clear yellow, the rest of the upper parts slaty blue with black streaks, beneath white with black blotches along the sides. Some strange movements occasionally occur amongst these birds, for though they are usually among the most abundant of all our feathered visitors, there are seasons when they are conspicuous by their absence; in such cases they have probably gone northward by some other than their ordinary route. In the fall, however, I have never missed seeing them at their proper time or in their usual number.

After the middle of September they begin to re-appear, and are soon abundant, and so remain until the frosty nights of October warn them to work southward. They winter in abundance in southern Texas, and great numbers pass on from there through Mexico to Central America as far even as Panama. They are hardy birds, however, and some winter as far north as the lower half of the Mississippi Valley. This species is the most abundant, as well as the first representative of that large class of birds known as the warblers. Of these we have about thirty species regularly visiting us in greater or less abundance every season. Why they were originally called warblers I do not know, unless it was because they, as a class, are possessed of less musical powers than most other classes of birds. At any rate but very few of them are entitled to take any rank whatever as songsters, and of these fewer still ever exhibit their musical qualities whilst with us. On two or three occasions I have heard the myrtle warbler sing, and I am inclined to think that this species is entitled to be considered the prima donna or star of the whole warbler tribe. However, as there are so many others that I have never heard sing at all, any of which could quite easily do better, without even then being equal to a very ordinary songster, I won't pretend to give

a judgment in the matter. Although the warblers as a class are not to be highly commended as song birds, they certainly are to be admired for the beauty of their plumage, many of them being among the most brilliant of our feathered creatures. Not only are they beautiful, but they are all of them of the greatest value from an economic standpoint. Their food consists throughout the spring and summer entirely of insects, varied in the fall by elderberries and other small wild fruits. Unfortunately very few of them can properly be called garden birds; the commoner ones amongst them are sometimes noticeable for a short time during their hurried visit in the spring and again on their more leisurely conducted trip towards the south in the autumn. The great majority do not breed with us, and none of them have any of the nice familiar ways or well-marked individualities which make other birds so interesting about our premises.

#### THE CAT-BIRD.

Some fine morning about the twenty-fifth of April your ears may be saluted with a drawling "miou," something like the noise made by a cat that has been out all night and is now repenting it. If you look in the direction the sound seems to come from, you may possibly see a dark, slate-coloured bird, but it is also probable that you will see nothing, and then you may hear the same note apparently coming from somewhere else. The sound is uttered by a cat-bird, and the bird is something of a ventriloquist. So long as the bird knows that it is not seen it will sit openly on a branch and squall at you, but directly it finds itself observed it drops into a thicket and hides. Don't abuse and condemn the cat-bird too hastily, because it has this hideous alarm note. It is like some human beings I know who have one bad habit, which is sometimes a nuisance, but who in all other respects are valuable citizens. The cat-bird has no other bad propensities, and is in every way a useful feathered citizen. If there is

any moderately thick shrubbery about the garden the cat-birds will be very likely to decide upon it for their nesting site. They are not very particular about close concealment if they find they are not likely to be harassed and disturbed. Last year a pair built in a small heap of brush I had thrown together not thirty yards from the back door of my house, and a pair have a nest somewhere near me again this season. The nest is not much more than a rough platform of twigs lined with fine roots, and in it are deposited four or five very beautiful dark bluish-green eggs.

As a songster the cat-bird is unexcelled by any of our native birds, the great variety of its notes and the spirit and vim with which it utters them are charming. This particularly applies to its morning and evening songs, which are usually given from the topmost twig of some tall tree, but it has another softer and even more beautiful song which it sings at all hours of the day in the nesting time. This is generally sung while the bird is hidden in some bush near where the female is sitting, and may be intended for her benefit alone. To hear it you have to approach very cautiously, for if the bird hears or sees you the song immediately ceases, and the bird comes towards you with wings drooping and tail jerking, and promptly overwhelms you with his cat-like yells so that you are glad to get away and leave them in peace.

The cat-bird's food consists principally of foliage-eating caterpillars with a sprinkling of beetles and other insects, and occasionally after a rain they will be seen on the lawn and about the flower beds hunting for cutworms and other underground larvæ. After the cherries ripen they will visit them, and perhaps levy some small toll for their services, but all they take they have well earned. After the young have flown they leave our gardens, and resort to the bush, where they remain in seclusion during the moulting season. By the end of September the bulk have gone on their journey to the south of

the southern States, where they spend the winter.

#### THE SWALLOWS.

Of the swallow tribe we have five well-known species in Ontario, viz., the white-breasted swallow, purple martin, barn swallow, cliff swallow and sand martin; the first four of these have attached themselves so entirely to the habitations of men that I suppose I ought to mention them here. The sand martin has still preserved its independence, and up to now has declined to have anything to do with men or their "contraptions." The white-breasted swallow formerly built its nest in holes in trees, and so did the purple martin, but now they invariably select a hole or crevice in some building, or take possession of a bird house erected for their benefit. From these places the house sparrow is now driving them by taking possession during the winter whilst the swallows are away, and persistently remaining in occupation after their return. If this continues all over the country the swallows will perforce be obliged to again resort to their original nesting sites, and we shall lose from about our houses a most useful class of birds. The barn swallow plasters its open-topped mud-constructed nest against the sides of the barn or under the porch, or any place that promises safety and a cover, and has not as yet been molested to any great extent by the sparrows, the nest not being quite big enough to suit their purpose. The cliff swallows build in colonies, and plaster their curious bottle-shaped nests against the outside of a barn; these nests the sparrows rather fancy, and some colonies have been broken up by them. This will cause the whole swallow tribe to leave the vicinity of our towns where the sparrows congregate most, and we shall not profit by the exchange, though, as our cities grow, we should have had to lose the swallows anyway, and perhaps it is better to have the house sparrow than no bird life at all.

### THE MAGNOLIA WARBLER.

By the tenth of May the tide of migration is at its height, the majority of our various species of warblers will have arrived, amongst them the well-known yellow warbler, the only really friendly one of the family. It remains in and about the garden all through the summer, and builds its nest near our houses, but of this I will speak next month. Among the others that will probably be noticed are the chestnut-sided warbler, black-throated blue, black-throated green, black and white Blackburnian and Magnolia warblers; the last two of these are certainly among the most beautiful of our birds. A written description of these graceful little creatures utterly fails to convey any proper idea of the brilliancy of their colouring. The Blackburnian may, however, be distinguished by its black back and crown, the latter having a central spot of orange, while the rest of the head and the whole throat is a most vivid orange colour, underparts yellowish white, large white wing bars. The Blackburnians do not remain very long with us. By the twenty-fifth of May they have gone on to the woods north of us, where they breed. Early in September they return much duller in plumage, drift along with the crowd of other warblers, and so are much less noticeable than when clad in their flaming spring suit. They winter south of the southern States, many going as far as Central America.

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THE CHIPPING SPARROW.



THE CAT-BIRD.



In the estimation of a great many people the magnolia warbler equals or even surpasses the Blackburnian in brilliancy of colouring. It certainly has greater variety. Everyone has his fancy about these things, and I prefer the Blackburnian. The illustration shows the arrangement of the markings, and the general colouration is as follows: crown, clear ash bordered by a white stripe running from the eye to the nape; below that a broad black stripe from the beak to and

joining the black patch on the back; throat, clear yellow; back, dark olive with a black patch in the centre, tail covers clear yellow, large white wing patch, beneath deep yellow, with two stripes of black on each side, fused into a patch on the breast; tail feathers with a white blotch on all but the centre pair. The female is duller, and the markings less distinct.

Like the Blackburnian, this little beauty does not breed in southern Ontario, but it does not go very far north of us before selecting its nesting place. I expect before long we shall have conclusive evidence that this, as well as most of our visitors, raise their young in the Muskoka district. At the beginning of September the magnolias again appear, on their way to Central America, where they pass the winter.

#### THE BLUE WARBLER.

The black-throated blue warbler is a very neat little bird, easily recognizable by its blue back and white under parts, with a well-marked black patch on the throat, and white wing patches. The female is more difficult to identify, being a very plainly clad little woman, the upper part of her plumage is dull olive green, the under part yellowish white; there is always some trace of a white wing patch, but sometimes this is very slight. This species is not of

much interest to us, as it soon passes on to the north, and we see it no more until its return in the fall. With the black-throated green warbler we have more concern; it is quite common and regularly breeds throughout its range in the province though, unless there are a good many evergreens about, it is not apt to stay in the garden to



MAGNOLIA WARBLER.

nest, its preference seemingly being for rather open places, where cedars and hemlocks are dotted about. In some large gardens I know, I find it settled every summer. It has rather a plaintive sort of song, which it keeps up all through the season, even in the hottest weather, when nearly all birds are silent. They leave us early in October, and go south to Central America.

The chestnut-sided warbler is as compared with those just mentioned

quite a plainly attired little fellow, whose name sufficiently describes him. Although this bird's appearance does not render it very noticeable among the more gaily attired of his fellows, yet as it is one of the few warblers that really does warble, it is worthy of mention. In fact, the bird has some claim to be considered a songster. On several occasions I have heard it, and have been surprised at the volume of sound that can be produced by such a little body.

These birds breed throughout their range in Ontario, quite frequently selecting a bush or small tree in a garden for that purpose. On one occasion a pair built their nest in a currant bush in my garden in the town of Dundas, and hatched their young, but the inevitable prowling cat found them out and destroyed them.

#### THE REDSTART.

Another and most beautiful little warbler that frequently makes its home about our premises is the Redstart. The male of this species is black all over the head and upper parts with the base of the wing and tail feathers fiery orange and a large orange blotch on each side of the breast, the rest of the under parts white. The female is olive gray and has the orange of the male replaced by yellow. This bird differs

from all its cousins in that it has an individuality of its own. It is the most restless little creature that wears feathers; not only does it move constantly and rapidly from branch to branch but it keeps every part of its body also on the move even to its very tail feathers which it opens and shuts as if to display its colouration to the best advantage. The Redstart builds a very neat and pretty little nest in the fork of some young tree and lays four or five eggs, grayish white dotted with

various shades of brown and purple. They leave us early in September and go far south in Central America to winter.

#### WILSON'S THRUSH.

In most suburban gardens having a shrubbery there will appear a quiet, graceful bird, clad in a tawny coat. Across the breast there is a band of pale buff, shaded with dusky



WILSON'S THRUSH—"VEERY."

olive, and faintly spotted with darker markings. This is Wilson's Thrush or "Veery," as it is commonly called; altogether as well set up, well groomed and neat a little fellow as can be found in the bird world. I believe more has been written in the favour of this bird by enthusiasts than of any half dozen others. With most of it I am quite in accord, but I do take exception to the lavish praise that has been awarded to the bird for its song which is altogether

unmerited. When several of these birds are singing together on some still, lovely evening in June the effect of their notes, taken together with the beauty of their surroundings, produces a feeling of content and happiness that is indescribable and the ideas that then become associated with the birds' notes are inseparable from them afterwards so that they are to a certain extent revived each time we hear the song. But the song itself is not the triumph of bird music it is sometimes said to be ; however, one must not be too analytical in these things and so long as the pleasant impression is produced it

matters little what items are required to produce it. This thrush is generally very abundant throughout the country, breeding in all wooded places.

The nest, a rather loosely built affair, is placed in a bush near the ground. The eggs are four or five, of a beautiful greenish blue colour.

The Veeries leave us quite early, most of them having gone by the twenty-fifth of August, though they do not go so far south as many birds that stay much later. They winter principally south of the United States ; some few, however, stay in the Gulf States and Florida.

*To be concluded next month.*



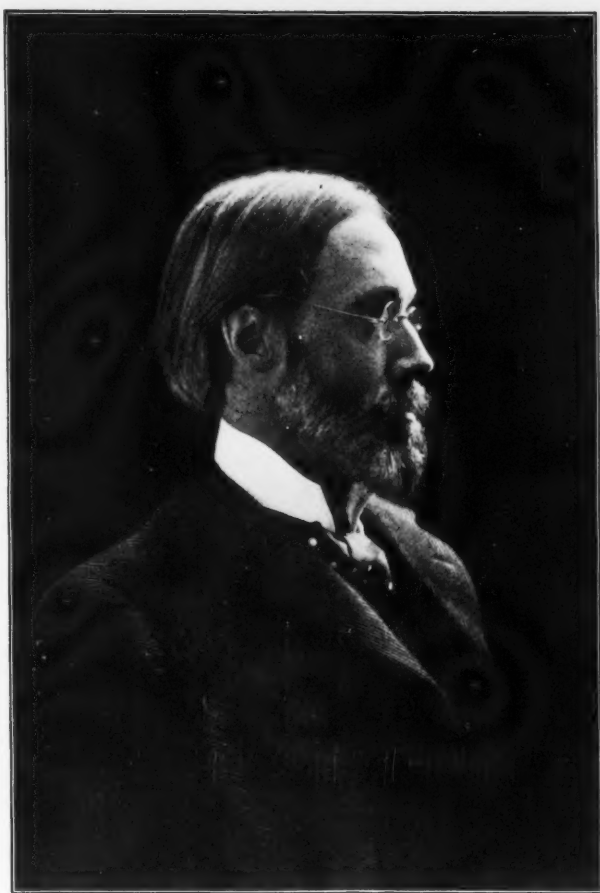
#### THE DEATH OF THE MOOSE.

IT was late in the woods where the north wind swept,  
 It was late in the northern day,  
 When my comrade and I up the beech-ridge crept,  
 And found the big moose at bay.

He was wild with rage, and his eyes were red,  
 And the foam lay on his breast ;  
 But his strength went down 'neath the hissing lead,  
 And the hand on the trigger pressed.

It was cold in the snow neath the sunset's flood,  
 As we leaned on our rifles there ;  
 And watched the red sun tint the redder blood,  
 On the scene of his death and despair.

*Reginald Gourlay.*



TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

WILLIAM McLENNAN.

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. V.—MR. WILLIAM McLENNAN.

WILLIAM McLENNAN, writer of prose and verse, is a Canadian who is receiving those rarest of tributes, honour and appreciation in his own country, as well as from the English-speaking world.

Mr. McLennan was born in Montreal, May 8th, 1856, and is the second son of one of that city's representative men, Mr. Hugh McLennan, a man who

has identified himself with the best interests of the Dominion for many years. He was educated at the Montreal High School; graduated B.C.L. at McGill University in 1880, and one year later was admitted a notary public of the Province of Quebec.

Long before attaining his twentieth year Mr. McLennan began writing both in prose and verse, at first meet-

ing with that indifferent success so trying to ambitious youth; but the laurel leaves soon unfolded in the form of some excellent translations made for a column in the *Montreal Gazette*, edited by John Lesperance, who afterward wrote of the subject of this sketch as being "One of the most substantial contributors to Canadian literature."

Mr. McLennan values verse translation most highly as training for a proper appreciation of the comparative value of words and propriety of expression; his efforts in this connection also having a practical outcome in the shape of a little volume entitled "Songs of Old Canada," which was published by Dawson in 1886. This was followed by a series of stories illustrative of Canadian life told by one, Melchior, in his limited vocabulary of English and published in *Harper's Magazine* in 1891-92.

For some two years Mr. McLennan worked on the period from 1642 to 1700, confining himself to Montreal and to the history of certain families; only publishing, however, a monograph on Dulhut, the explorer, which appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, one on Basset, the first Canadian notary, in *Le Canada-Français*, and a sketch of early Montreal in the Board of Trade Souvenir of

1893. From work of similar description on the French Revolution, Mr. McLennan evolved an interesting series of short stories, "As told to His Grace," also brought out in *Harper's Magazine*.

Mr. McLennan's training as a notary has unquestionably been of immense value to him in his historical work, and to this and his knowledge of the forms and nature of old documents, much of his successful and masterly handling of intricate problems may justly be attributed.

That Mr. McLennan's intimacy with certain historical periods ensures perpetual life to his writings is beyond doubt, and it has likewise proved an educational stimulant to the large mass of readers to whom study of any description is irksome, unless relieved by pleasing incident and sustained interest. His two books, "Spanish John," and the recently published "Span o' Life," written in collaboration with Miss McLlwraith, of Hamilton, are both "historical novels," whose elegance of language and purity of style suggest the art of the ever-lamented Robert Louis Stevenson.

Mr. McLennan holds many positions and has varied interests; he is the official notary of the Bank of Montreal, is a representative fellow in law of McGill University, a member of the Council of the Art Association of Montreal, and President of the Fraser Institute of that city.

Of his poems much might be written did space permit—but the world will sway to the rhythm of the song, from the "Span o' Life," lately set to music by Mr. Frederick F. Bullard, beginning—

"In Spanish hands I've bent  
and swung  
With Spanish grace and  
skill;  
I've scoured Lepanto of the  
Turk,  
And Spain of Boabdil;"



MR. MCLENNAN'S MONTREAL HOME.



and what heart has  
not beaten sympathy-  
tetically to,—

"The span o' life's nae  
lang enough,  
Nor deep enough  
the sea,  
Nor braid enough this  
weary world  
To part my love  
frae me."

The graphic pen  
pictures of old Can-  
ada to be found  
throughout this  
book are invaluable,  
and will only become  
the more so with the  
march of time. Who  
has ever pictured  
Louisbourg, always  
associated mentally  
with the French  
king's question,

"Are the streets paved with gold?"  
with this—"Louisbourg, a pretentious  
and costly fortification, but miserably  
situate and falling to decay for want of  
the most necessary repairs. There it  
was, shut in on the one hand by the  
monotonous sea, wild and threatening  
with its ice, and snow and storm in  
winter, sad and depressing with its  
mournful fog in summer; and on the  
other by an unbroken wilderness of  
rock and firs?"

Two more intensely interesting views  
of the past are given us of those long  
June days in Quebec, waiting the com-  
ing of the English. "There the white  
coats of the regulars mingled with the  
blue and grey of the Canadians and  
volunteers. Indians stalked or squat-  
ted about, taking no part in a labour  
they could not understand," and "Be-  
fore this restless, toiling mass swept  
the great empty river, changing its  
colour with every change of sky which  
floated over it, while behind stretched  
the beautiful valley of the St. Charles,  
its gentle upward sweep of woods  
broken only by the green fields and  
white walls of Charlesbourg until it  
met the range of blue and purple hills  
which guards it to the north. At a



A CORNER IN MR. McLENNAN'S STUDY.

point opposite where we were standing  
the nearer mountains opened out and  
shewed a succession of golden hills  
which seemed, in the tender evening  
light, as the gates of some heavenly  
country where all was peace, and the  
rumour of war could never enter."

In this author's study there is a con-  
viction that its occupant has found  
a dearly loved life work—that there,  
with his favourite "masters of the  
pen," Sir Thomas Browne, Defoe, Le  
Sage, Froissart and, to use his own  
words, "our own Champlain and Dol-  
lier de Casson," surrounded by re-  
lics of the old Canada he is preserving  
and immortalizing, William McLennan  
will continue to work out the brilliant  
promise of his earlier years. The wide  
windows look out upon an awakened  
garden—from the scented screen of  
apple blossom the soothing hum of the  
bees mingles harmoniously with that  
of the great human hive without the  
gates—as with exquisite appreciation  
come involuntarily to one's lips, Mat-  
thew Arnold's beautiful lines,—

"Of toil, unsever'd from tranquillity!  
Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows  
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in re-  
pose."

E. Q. V.

## WITH RIFLE AND ROD IN THE MOOSE LANDS OF NORTHERN ONTARIO.

SECOND PAPER,

*By W. Ridout Wadsworth.*



MOOSE STEAK AT A DISCOUNT.

dian Pacific main line, especially red deer, cariboo and moose—the “vanishing moose” of the pessimists is a myth. Here, away from the scrutiny of game-wardens and justices of the peace, game laws are more or less of a nullity; but they certainly are effective in this respect, however, that they deter parties from entering the district for the express purpose of hunting. The Indian may kill everything and anything he wants for his own consumption, but as the sale of hides and heads is prohibited, he hunts

**M**OST people of Southern Ontario would be astonished to learn of the wonderful amount of game that still inhabits that portion of Ontario west of the Ottawa River and North of the Cana-

only when he wants to replenish his larder. The greatest destruction of game is probably caused by wolves. In winter especially they run down and destroy great numbers of deer; let an unlucky deer find itself on glare ice or partially crusted snow, with a pack of hungry wolves on its trail, and its fate is sealed.

But the wolf, save when surrounded by a crowd of ravenous companions, is an arrant coward, and so wary and cunning that it is almost impossible to take him, even in a trap. A few are poisoned during the winter as they hang around the lumber-camps, on the lookout for refuse. But the number taken must be very small; the bounty of ten dollars per scalp that the Government offers seems to be too meagre an inducement for systematic hunting, and these pests continue their depredations comparatively undisturbed.

Some still night you leave the bright



ASCENDING THE ABBITIBBI.

*These ever-recurring falls tell a tale of their own to the voyageur—a portage!*



WHERE THE MATAWABIKA RIVER ENTERS THE MONTREAL RIVER.

camp-fire and paddle alone down the dark lake. Not a sound strikes the ear. The silence is oppressive; you keep thinking how awful it would be to be lost in this solitude. Then, suddenly, from the shore beside you comes a sound that for the moment chills your blood, it is so unexpected, so weird—a long, inexpressibly dismal howl, like the cry of a wounded dog—

the howl of some lone wolf, the sentinel of the pack. It is prolonged for some moments, then again all is still, and the silence seems even deeper than before. With strained ears you wait for a repetition of that blood-curling sound; and once more it rises clear and close, followed by a rattle of sharp, short barks—the cries of the pack on the trail of some fleeing deer. The direction of the sounds show that the poor creature is making for the water. But the frenzied yelps suddenly cease. Does it mean death or safety for the animal? You listen and listen anxiously, and seek to pierce the darkness that envelops the shores till you begin to doubt your own powers

of sight and hearing. At length by the rustling of the night-breeze in the birches (which seems, however, but to increase your sense of loneliness and depression), you turn the canoe and paddle swiftly back towards the distant camp-fire, eager for the companionship of your fellow-voyageurs.

On the shores of every little lake, along every stream, the broken bushes, the torn water-lilies, the cattle-like hoof-prints in the moist ground tell a tale. Around certain lily-covered lakes, favourite feeding-grounds, run paths half a foot deep, beaten in the mud by the moose. The underbrush, too, is everywhere intersected by deer-paths. It is during the fly-season that one sees most big game, in the early morning or evening when they come down to the water. But in the summer it is almost impossible to come across these timid animals in the bush, as the least noise—the snapping of a dry twig under the foot, the rustling of a dead leaf—startles every creature in the neighbourhood, and all retreat to the densest thickets. What a life! Escaping danger and obtaining food seems to fill up the weary round of their existence.



AN IMPROVISED SAIL.

*Indians' birch-bark running before the wind under a blanket.*

The largest of the inhabitants of these forests, and, in fact, one of the largest wild animals on this continent, is the moose. The bull, in spite of his ungainly long legs and ridiculously short neck, has a certain dignity and grandeur about him, no doubt lent by his huge horns. In stupidity I doubt if he has a peer among the deer tribe. He apparently has not sense enough to start to run when suddenly surprised by man; but once he does start he lumbers along for miles and miles before it occurs to him to stop. He stands as high as a large horse; the cow is somewhat smaller. The very size of this animal has, doubtless, often saved him from the rifle of the conscientious sportsman. For my own part, I have often felt that wanton waste of so much food would be unsportsman-like in the extreme. One may well pride himself on such self-restraint, for game laws are but indifferent bullet-proof shields at the distance of a dozen paces.

And, after all, does the pleasure of shooting consist solely in the pulling of the trigger? Is there not a keen enjoyment merely in knowing that the animal is in your power, that nothing but your conscientious scruples stand

between it and death? But when these conscientious scruples are removed by the knowledge that what you shoot will not be wasted—for instance, when there is a camp of Indians in the neighbourhood, ready to take all the fresh meat they can get without working for it—what a difference! What you will undertake under such circumstances for the sake of a shot! How many hours you will lie at night beside some marshy lake, cold and wet,

devoured by mosquitoes, breathlessly waiting for an opportunity—that, perhaps, never comes!

When it does come how amply those weary hours are redeemed in one brief moment—the thrill of excitement, the burst of exultation.—Alas! that such

pleasures should be forbidden by the law! Each wrong-doer must keep the memory of his sweet transgressions locked up within his own bosom.

One cold misty morning, I recollect, I had paddled at daybreak with the "Convict" (of the suggestively shorn pate) to where a small creek flowed into the lake, a short distance from the camp to have a try for speckled trout. We were on the point of making our first cast when, behind us in the under-



A YEARLING BULL MOOSE,

*Whose unlucky star led him across the path of Mr. Wadsworth's party just at a time when their supplies were reduced to a few handfuls of flour and they were three days journey from the nearest H.B.C. Post.*

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brush, we heard the branches breaking and twigs snapping. "Bear!" whispered my companion, picking up the rifle and cocking it. All was quiet for a moment, then came another crash and—Disappointment! not the snout of a bear, but the head of an enormous bull-moose. A

moose has about as much presence of mind as a superannuated milch-cow. This bull looked straight at us, and then, for no apparent reason in the world, and despite the fact that the "Convict" had a dead bead on him at about ten paces, stalked towards us out of the underbrush into the shallow water. He evidently intended to remonstrate with us for startling him, but suddenly changing his mind, wheeled round and went lumbering down the shore past our camp. It must have been a great temptation for my friend to pull the trigger, but

he overcame it. "What horns; and seven cartridges in the magazine!" was all he said, as he uncocked the rifle and went on with his fishing. A moment! Then a splash. Another—and another. Out rushed the lines, the reels shrieked, the rods bent, and our quondam friend,

the bull-moose, was for the time forgotten.

On another occasion paddling round a bend on a small river (with a big name)—the Namabin-nagashishingue—we saw, on a small, marshy island ahead of us, a cow-moose and her half-grown calf. No sooner did the

cow see us than, deserting her calf, she dashed into the water and made for the shore. But maternal love soon got the better of an instinctive and momentary impulse towards self-preservation—she had gone but a few yards when we saw her turn, and, in spite of the fact that we were only a few canoe-lengths away, swim back to the island where the calf was still standing. Cow and calf stood gazing at us for a moment, undecided—then both plunged into the river. They reached shore. The cow landed, and after some difficulty scrambled up the muddy bank and dis-

appeared in the bushes; the calf tried to follow her, but stuck fast in the soft mud. For several minutes it struggled and plunged, while we cursed our stars for having been too lazy to reload our camera with fresh plates the preceding evening. At



BRUNSWICK HOUSE—A TYPICAL H.B.C. POST.



INDIAN SUMMER CAMP AT A H.B.C. POST.



length a desperate effort brought the calf to the top, and it made off to join its mother, well out of an adventure that with a party of Indians would have certainly ended differently.

It is said that thirty years ago there was not a red deer north of Lake Nipissing. Now they are very plentiful; for as the country to the south is gradually being settled, they are moving northward. Late one wild September

afternoon we surprised half-a-dozen on a small sandy beach, and that evening venison figured on our menu. A day or two later, two of our party had an opportunity of testing the all-absorbing curiosity of these animals. Paddling sharply round a point, they came upon a buck standing in the water ahead of them, and quickly decided, instead of securing a fine pair of antlers, to see

how close they could actually approach before he took to flight. With this end in view, while one slowly paddled the canoe, the other held up in front of him a large red handkerchief. The buck stood motionless, gazing fixedly at the strange red object. They drew nearer and nearer till—at length they were little more than a canoe-length away from him; still he was staring as intently as ever, and

his curiosity seemed as unsated. Then, all at once, the true state of affairs seemed to dawn upon him; he turned like a flash, dashed up the bank, and in a second had vanished among the underbrush.

Largely, however, as the sportsman relies on his rifle to aid him in eking out his scanty supply of provisions, he counts more largely on his rod; for the lakes and rivers to the South of the

Height of Land are full of fish, from the lethargic pike, through the ascending scale of pickerel, salmon-trout, maskinonge, and bass, to the game speckled trout, the aristocrat of fresh water. Except in the immediate vicinity of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts hardly any of these waters have ever had a hook dropped in them, and the fish are never disturbed save by the predatory attacks of their

larger neighbours. Given a good day, a phantom minnow or a few flies, and a little common sense, you can catch fish to your heart's content.

But, alas for the fisherman! The days of his "fish stories" are numbered; three-quarters of his former prestige has already vanished. It is the camera that hath done him this dishonour. In the good old days when the fisherman began to talk of ten-pound bass, en-



THE TYPICAL HALF-BREED H.B.C. AGENT.

*His Indian wife and child are dressed in gala attire.*

vious busybodies could do no more than hint that more fish were caught by the skilful manipulation of the long bow than were ever caught by rod and line. Now, with an infantile smile of mock credulity, they say blandly, "Yes, a ten-pound bass is a large fish. Excuse me, but would you mind showing me a photograph of it?"—which is, at the least, disconcerting for the fisherman.

The salmon-trout fishing of Lake Temagami is perhaps unexcelled anywhere. In the early autumn when the trout come into shallow water to spawn, and again in the spring, wonderful catches are made by the Indians and Hudson's Bay Company's people, who salt down enormous quantities of these fish for the winter. In 1893, we saw an Indian take a forty-pound trout, on a night-line, near Bear Island Post on this lake, while one morning two of us caught seven, ranging from six to fifteen pounds, and a monster of twenty-four pounds that afforded us an interesting quarter of an hour and afterwards fed I forget how many Indian families. But fishing for salmon-trout does not rouse my enthusiasm, for during the summer they lie in deep water and must be taken with the troll. What chance has even a game fish of doing himself justice when caught by a heavy trolling-line—and, to my mind, the salmon-trout is none too "game."

I assisted last summer in the capture of a fish in a somewhat novel way. "The Convict" and I had been located for a week on a lake which in every-

thing that appeals to the sportsman cannot be surpassed—the scenery is bold and striking, game is abundant, while the name that the Indians have given to this beautiful sheet of water is in itself a sufficient recommendation from the fisherman's standpoint—Maskinongé-Wagamingue—the lake where the maskinonge lie. Maskinonge there are in it in extraordinary numbers and of extraordinary size. The lake seems wonderfully adapted by nature for this fish. It is large, deep, cool, and the numerous sandy, reed-grown bays opening off it mark where the creeks from the hills behind flow in. And not only is the

"lunge" fishing unexcelled, but in the deep water lie huge salmon-trout, while either below the falls at the head of the lake, or below those that mark its outlet, lurk the most ravenous, the most fiery, the most gamy black bass that ever cheered the heart of enthusiastic angler.



REED LAKE.

*Whose reed-beds, extending for miles and miles, shelter thousands of ducks, but sadly impede the canoeist.*

On our first introduction to this lake we had tried to troll with a light bass-rod. But familiarity by no means bred contempt, and after our first evening's experience resulting in a broken tip and the loss of yards and yards of line, we concluded that the old-fashioned, though somewhat prosaic method of trolling with a hand line would be more effective.

The following evening I was paddling the "Convict" past the reedy mouth of a creek when he hooked a bass. We were out for giant maskinonge, not for insignificant bass, and it was with very bad grace that

my partner hauled in his line. The struggling bass was within a few feet of the canoe, when suddenly there was a flash of grey in the water, and our bass disappeared in the cavernous jaws of a huge maskinonge. This was getting interesting, if not exciting. The "Convict" tugged at the line, and before our new friend had begun to realize the position of affairs I had driven the gaff-hook into his long, lithe body. Then came the fun. Struggling, squirming, plunging, leaping, he tried to shake himself free of the gaff, until it seemed certain either that I would be dragged overboard, or that the canoe would be upset. The "Convict" threw his weight on the other gunwale of the canoe, and shouted words of encouragement, such as "Hold on, old man! Don't let go!" and the like. As a matter of fact I could not have let go, had I wished to, for I had foolishly fastened the rope on the handle of the gaff-hook around my wrist. Everyone knows how marvellous is the strength of a six-pound black bass; supplement this by about eight horse-power and you have some idea of the fight that this maskinonge made for his liberty and life. At length, thoroughly exhausted, and evidently badly wounded, he accepted the inevitable and ceased his efforts. It was simply out of the question to think of getting him into the canoe, so we towed him into shallow water and hauled him on land.

We had no means of weighing him, but he measured a trifle over five and a half feet long. Some idea of his size may be gained from the fact that one of the gleaming white teeth that we cut out of his jaw to keep as a trophy is two inches in length. This revelation of the size of the fish in Lake Maskinongé-Wagamingue took away all the "Convict's" enthusiasm for bathing in its refreshing depths. "Perhaps," he remarked, with a shiver, "there are such things as sharks in fresh water, and I have no limbs to spare."

It may be that bass and speckled trout are found together in the same water, but I know that where I have caught the one I have never found the other. In Nipissing district the natural conditions seem more favourable for bass than for speckled trout. In fact, I am acquainted with but three localities in the district where trout can be found—in the small streams

flowing into the Upper Ottawa, in the Namabin-nagashishingue River and the mountain-lakes that feed it, and in a large unnamed lake that the "Convict" and I happened upon last summer, and whose charms we prefer to reserve for our own private delectation rather than to advertise to the world. The most trout, and by far the largest, seem invariably to be found in the lakes, and not in the streams. Even in August they still take the fly freely, especially at any place where a cold spring creek enters a lake. In the



THE HEADWATERS OF THE NAMABIN.

A "short-cut" (of doubtful shortness) to Fort Matachewan.

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creeks themselves we have never got fish over a pound and a-half in weight, but in the lakes the average is excellent.

What is it that gives trout-fishing its special charm? It is not the fact that they will take a fly; for bass, too, will often do so. Get among a school of bass, when "jumping," and you will think your cup of joy well-nigh filled. But, to my mind, bass-fishing lacks a certain indefinable something that trout-fishing possesses. You paddle in the early morning or at evening to the edge of a lily-pond, or to the mouth of a spring-creek, where the trout lie. Fish are rising everywhere. You anchor, and cast a "Jock Scott," with a "Silver Doctor," or couple of "Brown Hackles," perhaps, in the centre of that ever-widening circle on the surface of the lake, which shows that a fish has just risen. The flies drop lightly on the water. A swirl! A splash! Your line becomes suddenly strangely animated. It darts hither and thither; now it rushes out till your reel screams,

then the strain relaxes and you reel up with all your might; but the trout is only preparing for a fresh effort to escape—a mad leap clear out of the water, and an attempt to shake the hook out of his mouth. You felt sure he was a big one, now you know it.

Away he goes again. Once more you reel him back—slowly indeed, for every inch is desperately contested. Rush after rush, leap after leap, taxes all your skill, but fills you with a wild exhilaration. And now you have him beside the canoe, evidently exhausted. Try the landing-net—but No! Scarcely has the net touched the water than whirr! goes the reel again. He seems to have regained new life, and his efforts to escape are every whit as desperate as before.—At last, however, he lies in the net. You decide to keep him, for he will be an incontestable verification

of your story when you return to camp. Be careful. Of course! He has wriggled out of your hands, and is leaping around the canoe, here, there and everywhere. How strong he is, and what a confused tangle of line,

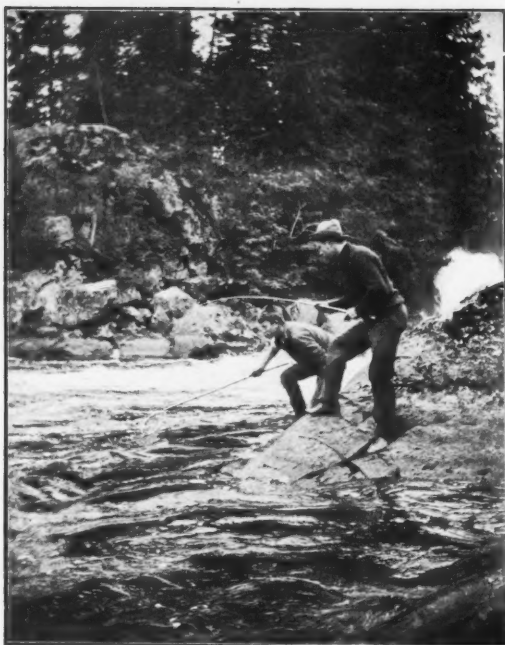


"You paddle in the early morning or at evening to the mouth of a spring-creek where the trout lie—you anchor and cast."



ON THE NAMABIN-NAGASHISHINGUE.

*An ideal spot for trout—but no trout.*



A FAMOUS BASS POOL ON THE MATAWABIKA.

leader, flies and landing-net! Slippery and elusive as a dozen eels. Look out, or he'll be overboard. But now you have him; hold tight. A quiver, a few spasmodic leaps—and he has shuffled off this mortal coil. What a brilliant pink—yes, but what a weight! Come, another cast. Life is short and fish are plentiful.

But is a canoe trip really all sunshine and fun, or does distance lend enchantment? Is not the memory fortunately apt to sift the events of the past—to retain the pleasant recollections and to reject the unpleasant? Are you not apt to forget sleepless nights, when the mosquitoes drove you nearly mad; days, and nights too, when you were always cold and wet; dreary paddles up stream against a heavy current,

weary portages? The occasions, too, are forgotten when the larder was low, and the camp was put upon short rations. Are the dangers that you escaped remembered—for dangers there certainly must have been? You boast of that ninety-five mile paddle, but forget the endless heart-breaking toil of those two rainy days and that pitch-black night when you were obliged to make a forty-hours' race against time over a new and unmapped canoe route—mile after mile, hour after hour, stopping neither for rest nor meals, intent only on one thing—to reach the railway. How quickly portage followed portage that whole night long; but, scrambling, stumbling, falling, you pushed on over slippery rocks and fallen trees, ignorant of what new obstacles or dangers lay ahead. During the course of cen-

turies the thought that "these memories, too, may some day be a pleasure" must have lost its efficacy as a remedy for discomforts. Little relief did it bring during that frantic paddle.

Yes, perhaps a canoe trip has its discomforts as well as its pleasures. A few weeks in the wilds certainly teaches one to appreciate the advantages that civilization offers—advantages that he has accepted all his life as the ordinary necessary birthright of man. But deprive a man of these advantages and see how quickly he will adapt himself to circumstances, falling back upon those natural mechanical and inventive gifts that Nature has given all men, but which city life causes to become atrophied for want of use.

THE END.

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## THE WIDOW OF MUMS.

A TALE OF RURAL ONTARIO LIFE.

*By Erle Cromer.*

### VIII.—SELLING THE HOGS.

THE clouds turned white one night and came down for a sleep. The fields foamed back through the zig-zag rail fences and washed up on the forest walls. All the chimneys in Mums got black collars after that, bigger every day; except Caleb Tooze's. That got snow in its neck.

Three days before Christmas, Reuben Moss and Rudge rode to town on a sleighload of dead hogs. That night, after he got the horses straw-rubbed and bedded, Rudge poked around out in the lean-to where in summer Sylvia fried pork, and where in winter all the house truck got piled together out of the snow. He was a good while finding the old slate over the crock of soft-soap; but he grabbed it hard when he did.

"Maw," he jerked as he opened the door and stuck in his head, and got a whiff of boiling cull beans, "where's that chunk o' soapstone use to be on the girt?"

"I seen it in the ash-gum yisterday," said Reuben, pointing his red beard at the door. "Guess it must 'a' fell int' the ash-pail. I laid it on the fence corner. Wonder what 'e wants it fer maw?" dropping his voice as the door shut.

Rudge soon settled that by coming in with the old slate in one hand and the soapstone in the other.

"I'm goana figger that out Da," he said as he pulled off his boots on the jack at the woodbox.

And in two minutes Rudge had one socked foot on the rung of Sylvia's chair by the table, and was scratching the slate with the soapstone at the rate of a hen with a brood of chicks. Reuben gave Rudge off-hand all the hog-weights he couldn't remember. Rudge

put the whole thirty down in soapstone and commenced to add.

"Nuthin' wrong 'th the weight Da," he said briskly when he got done. "'Taint mul'plied yit, though. That's likely where 'e bit yuh. Phew!"

Rudge wiped his forehead with his shirt-sleeve and looked at the stove.

"Rudgy!" protested Sylvia, as she slit a pair of old overalls into ribbons, "An' me shiverin' with the cold. Guess you're icxitid. Here, lemme have that sock. It's got a hole in the toe big nuf to pull't on by."

Rudge, bent on multiplying the pork-dealer into a juggle on the price of the hogs, eased his foot off the chair-rung and Sylvia pulled off the sock.

She had it darned ready to go on again before Rudge could get the soapstone to multiply.

"Guess you'd better leave it be, Rudgy," said Reuben. "Pensee'll be down in a mennit. Likely she c'n make that feller out to be a shark. He toted that up 'bout right though, seemed to me."

"Course 'e did, seem to you," retorted Rudge as he pulled on the sock and transported his huge bulk with a flop to the cool side of the table. "That's the way sharks allus does 'th the farmers. They don't teach mul'plication."

Rudge fell to again. The cull beans swelled themselves dry in the pot on the stove; Sylvia slit and wound an old smock into the carpet-ball; Reuben, tired of mathematics, let his red beard curl upon his potato-peel smock-front not far from where his corpulent pocket-book bulged out his vest from the inside pocket, and snored.

Rudge was on his tenth slateful of hieroglyphics when Pensee came down in her red wrapper and, sitting next

to Mrs. Moss, began to wind the rags and talk about her year at school, her hopes for a bigger one next, and the Christmas she expected to spend with some friend that had known her mother up on Georgian Bay somewhere.

"What are you doing, Rudge?" she asked at length, smiling—for Rudge's sweat-beaded big face was melting all the soapstone off the slate behind his faded-blue shirt-sleeve arched over the top, and all the magnetism in mathematics couldn't get him to make another scratch while Pensee sat there.

"Mul'plication," he mumbled hastily. "Maw, 'em beans burnin'."

Sylvia fetched slumbering Reuben a flip with an overalls' leg; he roused, and without further directions removed the pot of beans, which he carried to the lean-to. When he came in and shuffled off to bed in the room behind the stove, Pensee was leaning over Rudge's shoulder talking forgotten things about multiplication.

Reuben was asleep again before Pensee got through; and Rudge had forgotten all about the pork-dealer. He tried to multiply the hogs into the dollars and cents after Pensee and his mother had gone to bed; but he found himself wondering what horse he would drive Pensee to town with to-morrow, and he couldn't find a patch of the old slate as big as his thumb that hadn't some of her figures on it; so he wound the clock and took the slate, figures and all to his bedroom.

#### IX.—RUDGE AT SCHOOL.

That week and the next most of the hogs in Mums turned the same colour, and slid out with their eyes shut along the concession. Only Falconers' were left when Pensee got back; but they took a hot bath and starched their clothes less than two weeks after. The widow couldn't wait. She had taxes to pay, and, as she remarked: "It takes a live hog to make taxes and a dead one to break 'em."

After the hogs were killed Rudge Moss helped Peart Falconer skid out

and crosscut forty cords of wood. Peart returned the compliment. By that time a lot of the Mumsers were riding round on trees; mostly big oaks and elms, that left their heads in the jam-piles and got closer together on the sleigh-bunks than ever they had in the woods. Peart Falconer was the best log-hauler in Mums, and his nervous, muscly iron-grays could snatch a bigger load out of the bush and oftener in a day than any other team on the line. He offered Rudge a job of cutting along the back concession. Rudge would almost have given his big right arm to accept. But he had made up his mind otherwise. It took him half the winter to think it over. Then when Sylvia, his mother, got the new blue-jean smock done, and distinguished it from all others he had ever worn by a lap-collar, Rudge put it on and started to the little drab school. That was about the second week in February.

When Pensee rang the bell that morning Rudge was on the woodbox working multiplication questions from the blackboard. Seeing a vacant seat near after the scholars were all in place he wedged himself in. He wasn't able to get out quick enough to rise after the Bible-reading, so he merely leaned over the desk and arched his big hands over his forehead while Pensee's low voice undulated through the Lord's Prayer.

When she came to the M's in the roll-call Pensee hesitated, smiled into the corner at Rudge and quietly scratched his name on the register. When she got it done she smiled again.

"See, Rudge," she said, turning the register round, "I've written your name in capitals. All the others seemed such mites beside you I couldn't help it, I guess. Indeed I think you'd better be teacher and let Pensee be a scholar. Now, children, Rudge didn't come to be stared at. That's only for the teacher. I'm sure I hope when all you boys get as big as Rudge you'll be as earnest about trying to learn."

Pensee forgot the rest of the roll-call and gave out the lessons. That gave

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Rudge a chance to wipe his hot face with the sleeve of his new blue-jean; till Pensee came down during the buzz with her Fourth Reader open at "The Quality of Mercy," and told him to look it over till the call for the Fourth Class. He did, but he didn't make any marginal notes.

When the Fourth was called he got out and lumbered up to the desk with the book, but came right back to his seat and his arithmetic. There were about forty faces left at the seats and each wore a separate smile, but to Rudge it was one huge corporate giggle that made his boots feel like spile-drivers and his face like a full moon.

When recess time came Rudge wouldn't go out to play, but stayed in his seat filling his smock with multipliers and multiplicands. And all that day if Rudge sighted anything in multiplication, whether long or short, lying around loose on that board he snapped it up as quick as a dog catches bees in wet grass. He wanted to multiply, not so much perhaps on account of the eternal magic in numbers, but because for him very soon life must be more than anything else a multiplication, of bushels, tons, cords, acres, dollars, possibly children. But he didn't get half the questions right.

One evening in Rudge's second week at school Pensee kept him in for a special lesson. The shadow of the short winter day was just sliding into the yellow west. All the other scholars were gone. The fire-boy, knowing Pensee's fondness for lingering after hours, never swept till morning now.

Pensee sat down beside Rudge. It was a white little hand that took his pencil and began to make such graceful, round figures on the smoky blur left by his smock-sleeve. The first half-dozen passes hypnotized Rudge. Pensee might have got him to believe the multiplication tables were the tables given to Moses on Mount Sinai. Certainly there wasn't one of the latter he could have broken with her at his side that way. It was all about dollars and cents; but it seemed to Rudge vastly

more like a sudden cool beeze off a clover-field on a hot day back at the slashing or one of the benedictions at the white church.

The twilight slipped off the desktops, most of it on to Pensee's hand before Rudge found out where to put the decimal point between the dollars and cents. The map of the world on the wall began to glimmer as the box-stove purred through the crack. Probably the map of Rudge's world was more light than anything else that night; but it wasn't all the dry light of mathematics.

"Them dec'mals is queer things," he said, as he got up out of his seat, and Pensee began to pull on her gloves. "Guess they wasn't in mul'plication when I quit goin' to school. Say, they make a lot o' diff'rence in the valya, don't they?"

Pensee laughed. "It's a big world in studies, Rudge," she said, "but they're grand. They're like wise and reverend fathers reminding us always how little we know. I wish sometimes the boys and girls could never leave school. Still," laughing, "I suppose the babies must have mothers and fathers. We'll take problems in weights and measures involving decimals to-morrow, Rudge," she added abruptly.

"Well, thank yuh," said Rudge, as he stuck out his hand, "thank yuh—," and paused. He hardly knew whether to call her Pensee or Miss Vale; she seemed such a child, yet so wise.

Pensee took his hand a moment. He too seemed to her like a child, of whom she could have no moral fear.

When they passed out, a load of logs stood on the little gore where the roads joined at the jog by the white church. The grey horses looked like mice in front of it. When Rudge and Pensee got up to it Peart Falconer was unhooking the "travey" from behind. He dragged the two-leg, wooden thing out by the chain through the snow and hitched it behind the horses.

Pensee nodded and passed on in at Moss's gate. Rudge stopped.

"Guess yuh got an extry haf trip

in to-day, didn't yuh, Peart," he said, as he sagged down on the binding-pole to see how tight it was. "Say, 'f I was you I'd a drove up on to little skids, seems to me. . She'll likely git froze in pretty tight 'th that load on. Got 'bout three thousan' on there, haint yuh? Les' see—two booms, one sixteen' an' three fourteens, I guess. Yah. All pretty good bruisers, too. Whoa, boys! You're the lads to snatch out the loads, ain't you? You bet! An' Peart's the boy c'n glide 'em on 'thout lett'n 'em go up en' first er roll over either. George! I wish I was loggin'."

Peart said not a word as he snatched his hay cushion off the logs, laid it on the bunk of the "travoy" and got on to ride. But for a moment as he drew up on the lines, he looked up into Rudge's face. Rudge couldn't see the strange, wild gleam in that look. Neither could the horses; but they pranced and champed the bits as the hand that held them tightened on the reins.

Reuben Moss was lugging straw out of the stack-yard into the stable then. He had fed the pigs that now with a promiscuous racket tried to throw the trough out of the pen. Sylvia Moss, wearing Rudge's old smock, was carrying the night wood into the dark house. The pale glow of the brief twilight rose like thin smoke off the snow, floated about the dark barn, the yellow stack with the gash on the end, the dim out-houses huddled along the lane, the snow-smeared logs on the sleigh at the jog next to the white church, overhung by the star-shot, purplish gloom of the dropping night.

A light flared out of an upstairs window. One moment a girl-figure stood there, hand on the blind, looking out at the logs on the road. Both boys glanced up. Down went the blind: a shadow moved behind it.

"Shake, Rudge," said Peart, suddenly, and held out his left hand.

Rudge boyishly pulling back on the nigh gray's tug, dropped it and took Peart's hand in his right.

"Rudge—," Peart dropped the

hand as if it were shot away, "you can go to school to her and be her child, you big, simple soul, and be my friend, too, right through it all—."

The greys were plunging now; as if they felt the passion in the hand that held them and longed to give it vent. The lines went slack on the double-tree; the next moment tightened as both horses leaped round the jog. The "travoy" swung clear across the road like a huge pendulum, under the snow; back into the track; across to the other ditch. The horses were galloping then.

#### X.—THE WIDOW'S WORRIES.

Caleb Tooze was now getting domesticated. It would have been vastly more poetic if Minerva Falconer had left the old man and the old shanty together. Then some night a cold wave might glide out of the forest under the eaves and put the old man to sleep. But Minerva loved Caleb too well for that. The nearer he got to the end of his thread the better she loved him. She wanted to understand him, too. An old miser just about to step off the world's rim is liable to leave his earthly affairs in a muddle. Caleb probably had a soul somewhere. In Minerva's estimation he had better prove it by his will. That had been easier to read if written on the old man's face. But it wasn't.

Caleb occupied the kitchen-attic now; which with its drum on the pipe from the kitchen-stove was comfortable enough. Sometimes Minerva let him out on fine days to carry in wood.

It didn't make much difference to the wood, and it was seldom he got the privilege. But if he stood on the chip-hill and straightened up, pressing both hands on his stick he could see through the straggled trees the squat, snow-capped roof of his smokeless shanty over by the jumpiles. Then he would forget the next armful and begin to toddle absently out the lane under the bare maples. But a deep-toned "Caleb!" from the house was usually enough to stop him. When it failed a black, swirling skirt over the

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snow, and a black-cuffed hand on his shoulder brought him to the right-about before he reached the gate. After that he had to be content with sitting by the drum and fumbling the rusty key in his pocket. Fancy got ahead of his feet sometimes that would persist in wandering to the door. If he found it locked from the outside his little, prickly face would pucker into a spasm of rage, too feeble to last; for the next minute his hand got pinching his trouser's-belt and he began to chuckle. Very much of a child again was old Caleb. Sometimes even when Minerva sat and darned as she often did half a day at a time by the drum in the attic, he would forget she was there and dreamily chuckle on. He was a great character-study to Minerva.

One day a wet sou'-easter got up off Lake Erie, turned white, and started on a ghost-dance across Mums. It spattered half the gables, slid through the barn-cracks across the hay-mows, soaked all the oat cattle, plastered their tails to their cast legs, and put the woods out of sight. Peart Falconer came home at noon with a white team and a sopping coat. It took all Minerva's maternal insistence to keep him from going to the bush again. As it was he went to the stable.

Minerva followed. As she opened the door a whirl of snow struck her red petticoat and swept her in. Thud! went the door again, leaving the stable as black as a cave. Minerva let down her black skirt and rubbed the snow from her eyes.

Peart was seated on the oat-box idly whittling. He had not yet unharnessed the horses.

Minerva walked across and stood back to the empty end stall next the oat-box. She was silent awhile till she got her breath.

"Pearty," she said suddenly, "you bin huggin' that long enough. I might's well have a wildcat for a son as one that acts like it. I wanta talk to you, boy. I'm tired suspicionin' the on'y son I got. It's hell."

There was a slight tremour in the deep voice.

"Mother," said Peart with a wild burst of boyish passion as he flung down the cornstalk he had been whittling and jabbed the knife almost at every word into the lid of the oat-box, "I'm afraid I'm beginning to hate him! I saw him to-day at noon in the storm. He had her under his coat nearly carrying her—"

The off gray jumped and struck the manger with his knees. Peart had sprung off the oat-box and now stood with his arm over the horse's rump.

"Rock," he said affectionately, beginning to talk in strange, low tones to the horse as he unbuckled the crupper, "it's all been a mistake. The more I think of her the worse it seems, till I say to myself I'll pack and leave it all, go west and begin life new and honest. Then I think of her again and I can't. But I will. I will. I hate all I have ever been here. And then I think how we've worked together, he and I; long before the spring we broke you and Snatch in, Rock, and I feel as though I couldn't go anywhere without him. Rock, I don't believe there's another horse in Mums you'd pull an empty sleigh with but Snatch; and if Snatch was off his mettle some morning you'd want the short end of the double-tree, I know, to ease him along. Well, that's the way it's been with us, Rock, Rudge and me; till now—and if he loves her, Rock, I'm afraid there'll be bad blood between us. Whoa, boy," as he took off the collar and slid the harness back. "Mother," suddenly as he stood out before her holding the harness, "if you ever get Caleb Tooze's money pay your debts the first. If you get his land, sell it and pay the mortgages on your own. But never say my name even to yourself in connection with either. I'm done with that; maybe with Mums too before spring. Perhaps I don't talk much like an only son; but sometimes when I remember how other boys live I wonder whether, after all, you're my mother or not. That's rough I see. Well, maybe it was love brought me up, but a man can't fight his bringing up and love it too."



Peart hung up the harness. Minerva without a word left the stable.

XI.—THINGS GROW TRAGIC.

Friday night, after the storm, Peart Falconer and Rudge Moss went to a dance out beyond Mums.

That night Molly Falconer sat by the kitchen-stove chopping meat for head-cheese in the butter-bowl. The widow stoned raisins for mince pies, half a peck heaped on the marble-streaked oilcloth with more to follow.

"Molly," she said suddenly. Molly ceased chopping.

"If you're going to git Rudge Moss into the fam'y now's the time." The widow pinched a raisin so hard one of the seeds slipped into the head-cheese on Molly's lap.

"Molly Falc'ner," went on Minerva impressively, "you'd let Rudgy Moss go off in a whirlwind and never say Boo! Well, he's goin'."

"Why, maw," said Molly, breathlessly, "he's jes' started to school!"

"So's the rope jist nicked on the fat steer," responded the widow with tart emphasis. "It's all right s'long's your steer's eat'n hay; but set a pail o' hot mash a rod away an' see how long the rope'll hold 'm." What d' you s'pose Ruddy Moss is goin' to school for anyhow, Molly Falc'ner?"

"T' learn figgers I guess," replied Molly. "Anyhow 'e told me he wanted to be able to do 'is own calclatin' on hogs an' wood an' hay an' all o' like o' that. Rudge wants to do things right when he starts in." Molly tossed her head.

"H'm!" grunted Minerva. "Figgers! I guess, Molly Falc'ner, d' you know what kind of a figger Rudgy Moss makes when he thinks 'bout you now-a-days? Look, Molly." And holding three fingers askew, the widow made a neat O with her index and thumb.

"Yes," she went on oracularly, "an' there's somebody else that when 'e thinks about 'e makes a string o' oughts as far as fr'm here t' the barn, an' sticks a big 1 right in front of 'em. D' you know who? Well 'tain't 'is mother

—ner likewise Molly Falc'ner. It's the girl that teaches 'im figgers."

"Maw!" Molly almost dropped the meat bowl.

"It's so," calmly responded the widow as she crunched a handful of raisins. "Molly Falc'ner, I wouldn't be you to be made oughts of clear fr'm here t' the barn jist fer a one to stick up in front o' me, an' that one Pensee Vale—not fer a drove o' steers.

"I wont neither!" snapped Molly, brushing back the quick tears, that a nature so transparently impulsive could not control. "Pensee ———!"

"Now, here you air, Molly Falc'ner, went on Minerva, 'suh wrapt up in Rudge Moss you can't see out. Pearty suh desprit after Pensee Vale, he don't know chore-time fr'm Sunday School, an' either Pensee er Rudgy suh dead 'n love with each other they can't hardly tell which is which. What's a woman to do? I declare as I say it's like cows 'n a cornfield. Let 'em be an' they'll eat their heads off 'fore mornin'. Chase 'em an' they'll tramp more'n they'll eat. We got to go easy, Molly. But there's one thing you can say as hard an' mean as hard as you like. Between you an' me, Molly, Pensee Vale aint the girl fer Rudge Moss. She is the girl fer Peart Falc'ner. If you don't b'lieve me, ask Caleb Tooze who's goin' to git 'is money—maybe 'is farm—when 'e's dead an' gone."

Whatever else Minerva said to Molly that night, she said while both sat by the stove with their shoes off, the widow with her red-stockinged feet on a stick in the oven.

Before Mrs. Falconer went to bed she filled the stove with wood. Molly sat up long after that writing a letter. It was not Molly's specialty to write letters. The last page of this one bothered her considerably.

"Pensee Mums is bad for talk i dont beleeve a ioty about all theyre saying about you and Rudge but it aint always what we beleeve maw says its what the rest says and theyre all talking maw says but im sure if Rudge aint got his figgers up good its all right for you

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to stay in and teach him extrys and im sure neether one of yous has done anything rong youre both to good whatever they say Pensee you can be sure theres one girl dont beleeve a word of it and thats Molly Falconer and theres one place you can come and be to home and thats right heer and im sure Caleb ud be as glad as anybody hes all the time talking about you poor Caleb im afraid he aint long for this world maw says well Pensee i hope you will dowhats right and come assoon as you get this no more at present but im awful sorry so is maw yours truly

"Molly."

When Molly came to herself the fire was out. Men's voices in the doorway startled her so she left the stove-lid half off, snatched the letter under her apron and ran out of the room. She knew those voices. Nor for all the love and money in Mums would she have let Rudge Moss see that letter.

But what did Rudge want at that time of night? Molly quaked with curiosity and fear as she looked out of her frosted window upstairs and listened. She could dimly see two forms on the snow near the well-curb. One was Rudge; and if ever Molly Falconer wished she was her own brother it was then; for it seemed to her as if Rudge almost had Peart in his arms. Timidly she shoved up the window, put her shoe under it and crouched on the floor with the cold wind through the maples blowing on her left ear.

"Peart, you'd ought a know. By George, you'd better know. Don't call me no friend o' yours while that yarn's goin' around. Ther' aint a friend o' mine in Mums I wouldn't smash 'f I was man enough 'f I thought he b'lieved that damn scandal and ud say so to my face. Peart, you're the best friend I got, but so help me God 'f I ever fin' out you had the firs' thing to do 'th that yarn I'll smash you—if I'm man enough. D' you hear?"

Rudge's back was turned and Molly couldn't hear more than an owlish jabber, Peart's quiet good-night, and Rudge's heavy-booted stride out the

lane as the kitchen-door opened and shut. With a shuddering little sigh she pulled the shoe from under the window, put it on, likewise a shawl over her head and as soon as she heard Peart come upstairs to bed, took the letter and tiptoed down; out into the yard, down the road. Far along the concession she could hear the dull thump of Rudge's boots; till she got to Caleb Tooze's bridge when a light flared suddenly out down by the jog and she knew Rudge was at home.

When Molly got to Mosses' front door and slid Pensee's letter under, Rudge's shadow was playing hob with the light over on the cherry-trees. That excited Molly and she let the letter go so far under that she couldn't touch it with her finger-nails. Indeed she felt so much like a female Guy Fawkes just then it was a wonder to her the whole house didn't blow up, Lords, Commons and all. Shivering with wretched fear she picked a cautious track on the snow round to the west end and watched Rudge's beloved shadow on the blind.

Rudge's mental atmosphere was a cyclone just then. He was fighting he scarcely knew what behind that window as he fastened on his old clothes and pulled on his big felt boots. If it had been anything in the shape of man, beast or image he would have smashed it. But it was only a phantom; a bit of gossip he had heard at the dance along with Peart Falconer that made him feel as though for every day he had gone to school that winter he had been twice a fool; made him one moment so angry with Pensee Vale, as he packed a brown gansy full of clothes and afterwards twisted the bundle into a corkscrew in his big hands, that he wanted to go straight to her door and tell her so; the next, chin on his hands, he sat on the edge of the bed and stared at one of his fine boots he had kicked over near the door.

After a while he got up, took down the old cracked slate from the wall he had hung there the night Pensee began to teach him multiplication, rubbed off the round figures with his sleeve, took

a pencil from his pocket and began to write—

"Maw when you git this i will be out of Mums. if you want to no why ask Pensee. if she dont no she will fore long. dont you let dad go huntin after me. i dont no where i will be, but im going to stay away till this — lie about me and Pensee is stopt."

Five minutes later Molly saw the light slip off the cherry trees. Thinking Rudge had gone to bed, she sadly picked her way back into the path and

shivering hurried to the road. Molly felt as though Mums was falling down; as though something was brewing between the Mosses and the Falconers that would end in Rudge's giving her right up, perhaps marrying Pensee altogether. And the more she thought about it the harder she ran; and her skirts made so much noise in the quiet air she couldn't hear the roosters crow — or the clump of a heavy pair of boots back the side-road.

*To be Continued.*

## TWO SIDES OF A STORY.

*By Percie W. Hart.*

I.

"I came to a small shack with a burlesque rail fence surrounding it. The bright moonlight enabled me to distinguish a rude door. Scarce hoping to find such a hovel inhabited, I pounded lustily upon the boards, and shouted salutations in various tongues and keys. At last, to my huge satisfaction, I heard unmistakable signs of life within. For several minutes, however, I had to continue my boisterous summons.

"'Is—is—anybody dar?' finally came in muffled accents from inside the hut, 'coz if dar is, he better done go away lively, or old Bill Mose gwine to blow him inter de middle ob nex' week wid a shotgun.'

"I had to enter upon a most lengthy argument with the old negro, and shove my hand under the door for him to feel, before he would consent to admit me.

"'Didn't know but you might be some ob dat gallus sojer crowd come bodderin' roun', he cackled tremulously, while ushering me inside of his small and very far from cleanly abode. 'Sometimes dey do go galivantin' all over mah patch, an' worrit ole Bill Mose tremenjus.'

"'Soldier crowd?' I queried amazedly, wondering if the old negro might be insane.

"'Yes. Dose dah sojer folkses 'round Redcoat's Road.'

"'I did not know that there were any soldiers nearer than Halifax.'

"'Dese yere not libe sojers. Dey's ghostesses!'

"This seemed to prove the insane theory, and I hastily changed the subject by asking him to pilot me townward.

"'Now? No, sah,' he replied vigorously, 'wait till mornin' an' I'm gwine in myself. But dis yere ole Bill Mose don't cross no Redcoat Road in dah moonlight, foh all dah money eber was made.'

"Strange to relate the old fellow utterly refused to be moved from his determination. But I finally compromised. It appeared that his objections only lay to actually crossing what I understood to be a thoroughfare called Redcoat Road. As this, according to his account, was more than half-way in towards the town, and as I could readily do the balance of the distance unassisted, I managed to prevail upon him to accompany me so far.

"'Dis Redcoat Road,' continued

old Bill, entirely of his own accord, as we walked along, 'ain't much ob a road at all, and dats what makes it so gulgouslike.' (Old Bill's English was most original.) 'Nobody knows whah it comes from nor gwine to, neidder,' he continued, 'but, anyway, dese yere sojer ghostesses uses it reg'lar—speci-ally on moony nights.'

"'What do they look like? Have you ever seen them close at hand?' I queried, more to pass away the time than anything else.

"'Seen dem? Shuah! Dis ole Bill Mose seen dem more dan a thousan' thousan' times, an' as clo'cest as I am o you now. Dey ride in fine coaches, one after annuder, dah hosses jist jumpin' up an' down like hoppin' cats. Dah genel'men is dressed in red coats wid swords an' gold lace an' things mighty gay. And dah ladies—dah ladies all in silks an' satins, wid diimons an' socktossles jist scrump-schious. But dah road——'

"I could no longer restrain my mirth. The new word 'socktossles,' and the comical seriousness of 'ole Bill Mose were too much for me. I laughed out loud.

"'Dats jist dah way dah sojer folksess done carry on,' resumed my aged companion grimly, 'only when dey laff, it jist make yah creepy-like all ober. I reckon a ghost laff is diff'runt from a libe pusson's. 'Sides, its jist pow'rful scary to see dem coaches full ob ladies an' genelmens go galivantin' 'long through dah woods jist as if dey was acomin' from——'

"'If it is a real road, it must surely be somewhere,' I remarked.

"'Taint no road yah kin see, least-way, only jist what might hab been a road oncest. But, bless yer! dose ghost coaches and hosses don't need any reg'lar road. Y'kin look right through an' through de hull passel ob dem. Dey don't stop for no trees, nor nuthen. Dey—bless-de-good-Lord-for-all-His-mercies!—Here dey are acomin' now—listen!'

"'What? Where?' I ejaculated, astonished at the continued earnestness of my guide, who had sunk to his

knees, and was pointing one long, lean finger towards a spot some few hundred feet ahead of us.

"'Kin yah make out dat big gum tree?' went on the old negro, in a sort of awed whisper, which gradually increased to a species of howl, as he continued: 'Dat tree am d'reckly in dah centre ob Redcoat Road. Hark! Duz yah hea dah wheels a-rollin' an' a-creakin', an' dah hosses a-snortin' an' a gallopin'? . . . Here dey come. . . Look, Massa, look! . . . One, two, three, fough—fibe . . . Fibe coaches all shiny an' goldy-like! Dat big fough hoss one allus goes ahead. . . See dah sojer folksess in dah red-coats an' big swords? . . . What did I done tole you 'bout dem? Ain't dey gay? . . . Dat team allus done shy ober at dat big gum. . . Reckon dey like to scart dah ladies. . . Dah is missus dat allus smiles so, perty—ain't she!——'

"I leaped towards that big gum tree, as old Bill called it, in about two bounds. Upon each side, and extending as far as I explored in both directions, were deep furrows which might have been the ruts of an old waggon road. But if it ever was such a thing, it must have been years ago, for the whole was overgrown with trees, and many of them were even greater in girth than the big gum. That I saw a long procession of old-fashioned, low-hung coaches, filled with gentlemen and ladies, attired in the elaborate military and civilian costumes of the eighteenth century, bowling merrily along through the woods, careless alike of obstructing trees and the incongruity of their surroundings, is, of course, utterly absurd. But, between the eloquence of old Bill Mose, the moonlight, and my own highly excited frame of mind, I could readily have imagined almost anything."

## II.

### EXTRACTS FROM "WANDERINGS IN BLUENOSELAND."

"Close up there, men!"

"No straggling!"

"Forward all!"

These and similar orders were being voiced at frequent intervals by haggard-looking officers.

It was a cheerless day in late autumn. The cold rain fell in drenching torrents. A regiment of soldiers was marching down Broadway. Not the palace-bordered thoroughfare of the present, however, but the crude street of colonial times.

The troops were followed and surrounded by a crowd of wildly excited civilians. The behaviour of those latter ran the whole gamut of human emotions. Women held young babes aloft and sobbed a tearful farewell to bronzed veterans. Others, giving no heed to their squalling infants, threw handfuls of mud and even rocks at the marching column; and howled derisive epithets into the very ears of the sullen men. Here and there white-haired patriarchs invoked blessings upon their departing sons. Others, however, were calling down the vengeance and wrath of Heaven upon individual malefactors. Half-naked children scuttled about, cheering, reviling, or simply screaming, as the whim suited.

The silken flags of the regiment, carried along in the centre of the column, hung all limp and lifeless from their crown-topped poles; but the rents and tears made by the bullet-hails, could easily be distinguished. The men were uniformed in no very regular fashion, but bright scarlet jackets and white leather belts predominated. Upon some parts of their equipment were the letters "L.N.Y.L.I."

In many ways this little historic pageant was a uniquely sad one.

It took place on the 25th day of November, 1783. On that date the rear guard of Sir Guy Carleton's army evacuated New York. Among this general's troops were many bodies of American-born soldiers. Of such was the Loyal New York Light Infantry.

The acknowledgment of the Independence of the United States by Great Britain brought joy and peace to many thousands of American households; but it also shattered or partially

destroyed no inconsiderable number. The Loyal New York Light Infantry, as well as other similar organizations, were forced to expatriate themselves.

"Good-bye, mother," shouted a tall sergeant, bravely waving his shakoo towards a window, wherefrom a silver-haired matron leaned outward, unmindful alike of pelting rain and the great tear-drops slowly following one another down her cheeks.

"Your cousin vows that you shall see the Stars and Stripes floating from the tall flagstaff on the beach before your boats are many rods from shore," remarked a gossip rather sneeringly to a young ensign who marched upon the left flank of the column.

"He does," growled the officer between his teeth. "Perhaps we can disappoint him that much."

"It is hard indeed to be parted from you thus," sobbed a pale wife, struggling along beside her soldier husband.

"I know it, Ann; I know it," he replied, striving to comfort her with his strong right arm, "but the transports will be dangerously overloaded as it is. We are promised that other shipping will soon arrive to bring all that care to away. Then you can join me, and together we will make another happy home in the new country."

"Whither away, Charles," jauntily cried a foppish-looking young man, addressing an officer, whose insignia declared him a major in the Royal service. The major's sword arm was in a sling, and his cheek showed the scar of a recent bullet wound.

"I understand that the 2nd Massachusetts are in the advance of General Washington's line," eagerly queried the officer, without paying any attention to the supercilious air of the other. "Is it so?"

"Yes," replied the civilian, "together with some artillery and infantry of the Continental Army."

"Would it be asking too much to



have you hand my father this note?" went on the officer, producing a small piece of folded paper from his sabretache.

Needless to say, the march was continuing, the civilian walking beside the other while engaged in converse.

"Ye gods!" ejaculated the young fop in an affected theatrical air. "Sons fighting against fathers! Brothers against brothers! 'Tis a—"

"Better fight and die, if need be, according to one's convictions, than skulk about in safety, fattening upon the success of either side," interrupted the officer indignantly.

"Give me your missive. I will engage to hand it personally to your parent," replied the young man, his face flushing with conscious shame.

✽

Arrived at the shore, there was considerable delay incidental to the embarkation. A young ensign slowly and laboriously ascended the tall staff from which the banner of England still waved. In the bustle and confusion of the moment, however, his actions excited but slight notice. Not till the noise of hammering was heard aloft was any great attention paid to him. Then it could be seen that he was engaged in firmly nailing the big flag to the staff.

"A foolish act, young sir," commented the old colonel harshly, and yet with a certain degree of sadness in his tones, when the ensign descended to earth once more with his task accomplished.

"My mother's sister's son will find it no easy thing to have that down and the American banner in its place before we are out of sight," cried the young officer to a throng of applauding comrades.

✽

The future of the Loyal New York Light Infantry had been settled for them by the too-late generosity of the British Government. In common with the great bulk of the other loyalist troops, they were to be disbanded and given grants of land in that part of

America still remaining to the Crown. After various vicissitudes and adventures, which need not be enumerated here, the regiment and its followers finally settled upon a beautiful, though still entirely primitive, spot near the easternmost extremity of Nova Scotia. With much pomp and state, salutes of artillery, and other ceremonials, they took up their abode.

These soldier-colonists were far different from the bulk of those religionists, adventurers, and traders who first settled upon the shores of the New World. Their officers were men of considerable education, and in most cases had formerly held commissions in the regular army. Even the rank and file was mainly composed of young men of gentle birth, who had left comfortable city homes in order to fight for what they considered to be the right cause. The years of campaigning had long sapped out whatever mercantile or dogmatic instincts they had formerly possessed. The regiment had become inured to the practice of arms, and knew no other trade so well.

When it came to founding a settlement, they modelled it upon the plan, as nearly as could be, of their native city. Broad streets, alternating with narrow lanes, public squares, governmental sites, fortifications, even a navy yard, were plotted and staked out in the midst of this howling wilderness. Rude structures of logs arose, where, later on, goodly piles of brick and masonry were intended to be placed. Shiploads of furniture and upholsterings came out from England, and the richest products of the European looms brushed against the virgin mosses of the forest. What with back pay, bounty money, and the lavishly-provided governmental supplies, the new colony was fairly bubbling over with prosperity.

With all the prejudice of rank and class, several of the field officers of the Loyal New York Light Infantry had chosen a site some miles distant from the main town for their own peculiar estate. They had caused to be there erected the most elaborate residences of which

the rough building material was capable. Also, a good road was cut through the thick woods that intervened, and the huge lumbering coaches soon wore deep ruts between Stormont—as the little suburb was called—and the main settlement.

Although no longer officially in existence, yet such was the force of past discipline, that, at regular intervals, the regiment paraded as of yore, and went through accustomed evolutions to the awe and bewilderment of curious red-skinned aborigines. It is true that after some few years both ranks and officers were scanty in number, and once brilliant uniforms and accoutrements sadly worn and bedraggled; but the shot-torn colours and the fierce old white-haired colonel remained constant. After each of these functions, the aged warrior would tenderly place the regimental flags within his satin-lined vehicle and trundle back to his big log mansion at Stormont.

It can readily be imagined that there was much social commerce between the officers resident in the two settlements. Scarcely a fine night passed but what the lumbering carriages went back and forward on the Stormont road, carrying belles and beaux attired in all the costly bravery of their times. Stately dinner parties alternated with more trivial dancing assemblages; lovers broke and exchanged vows; social ambitions fought out all their insidious campaigns, and the elegance and puerility of the then society was reproduced on a petty scale, where some short while before had been but lonely forest trees and redskins' wigwams.

But fate had more trials and tribulations in store for these joyous settlers. After a year or two the governmental

supplies were no longer available. The colony was left to work out its own destiny. The result would have been a foregone conclusion to any shrewd man of the world. These soldier-settlers knew little of agriculture, not very much about fishing, and rather less of commerce. Their efforts in these directions were persistent, but without skill, and therefore well-nigh unavailing. When back pay and bounty money gave out, something very much like starvation stared them in the face, despite their luxuriant surroundings. Many, in desperation, fled with their wives and families to more hospitable climes.

The last parade of the Loyal New York Light Infantry was held at midnight, when the old colonel was buried. His grave is near the site of his own house. Old Micmac Indians have told of the three volleys fired and the dull rattle of the muffled drums. After that, the regiment scattered far and wide. The colours were never seen again.

In the fall of 1811 a most terrific gale of wind swept over the province. Among other damage it blew down many trees along the Stormont road, which made that thoroughfare impassable for wheeled vehicles. These obstructions were never cleared away, and the buildings at Stormont, as well as most of those at the main settlement, soon became untenanted, and in due course left only hollows in the ground to show where they once had stood.

In a lonely grave among the thick-growing fir trees of that place, once called Stormont, lie the two crown-topped poles, which in by-gone days bore the colours of a New York red-coated regiment through many a hard-fought field.



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## EMPIRE DAY.

A DETAILED HISTORY OF ITS ORIGIN AND INCEPTION.

*By W. Sanford Evans, M.A.*

ON June 6, 1896, the Wentworth Historical Society of Hamilton passed a resolution of condolence with Mrs. Clementine Fessenden on the loss of her husband. In her few words of reply Mrs. Fessenden, who was accompanied by her little six-year-old grandchild, said she hoped the patriotic spirit of the grandfather would descend to the grandchild. Thereupon it was moved, seconded and carried, that little Kathleen Trenholm Fessenden be made an honorary member of the Society, in recognition of the loyal service of her ancestors and as an earnest of the future.

It was a notable experience for the child. Mrs. Fessenden was struck by her delight in her badge and the maple leaf she wore; by the glow of her young spirit; by the deep impression made on her mind by this identification with a worthy past; and by the patriotic aspiration that vaguely stirred her. The thought naturally followed: Why should not all children be stimulated in this way? If the new life and aspiration that came to this one child could come equally to all children, what a tremendous influx of national energy there might be with the next generation. In this thought lay the germ of Empire Day.

With a devotion deserving of all praise Mrs. Fessenden set herself to secure the realization of this vision of national benefit. In the schools the children could be most easily reached. The *Montreal Daily Star* of August 24, 1897, contained a letter from Mrs. Fessenden discussing the idea, and requesting that "school boards and others be visited and petitions circulated asking the endorsement of a movement looking toward the formation of a national patriotic scheme of education." This was followed by

letters to other papers. Mrs. Fessenden wrote also to the Minister of Education for Ontario, suggesting a day of special exercises, the children taking part to be known as the League of the Union Jack. Under date of November 6, 1897, she received the following answer:

"DEAR MADAM,—I have your letter of the 2nd inst., and am delighted to notice the loyal tone by which it is animated. As Canadians we have been greatly at fault in neglecting the cultivation of a patriotic spirit, and if the formation of a league such as you suggest could be of service for that purpose, as I am sure it would, it ought to receive the support of every patriotic Canadian. As there is no provision in the regulations of the Department for flag exercises of any kind, I think it would be well to consult the Inspector, and perhaps the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, before such exercises were introduced into the school. So far as the Education Department is concerned you may rest assured that any effort made to foster in our school-children a love for our own country will receive a most cordial support. I shall even be prepared to consider any general scheme for the schools of the whole Province that may be submitted."

Mrs. Fessenden accordingly submitted a general scheme, and in acknowledgment Mr. Ross wrote again on November 23rd, 1897:

"It would be of some advantage if the scheme were taken up by the Hamilton Board of Trustees, as that would call public attention to the movement, and perhaps make it easier for the Department to act."

Mrs. Fessenden then waited upon the Hamilton Board. On January 7th, 1898, it was moved and carried "that the Board set apart one afternoon in the year for the purpose of inculcating patriotic sentiment." The details, together with the date and name of the day to be set apart, were left to the Minister of Education. At Mrs. Fessenden's instance the School Boards of

London and Dundas adopted the idea and memorialized the Minister. Other School Boards were approached and many personal letters written. In the meantime the leading papers in Ontario and in Montreal had given the scheme notice, and it had been endorsed by the Canadian Club of Hamilton and by the Wentworth Historical Society. These results represented a great deal of work on the part of Mrs. Fessenden.

Mr. Ross then took the leadership in the matter. Political duties prevented his attending the meeting of the Dominion Educational Association in Halifax last August, but he forwarded a memorandum in which the following passage occurs :

"One of the questions which I intended to bring before the Association was the selection of some day during the school year to be specially devoted to the cultivation of loyalty and attachment to our country and to the institutions under which we live. In the month of May I corresponded with the Superintendents of the different Provinces, asking for suggestions with regard to the title of such a day, and the time which would best suit the convenience of the schools. I am glad to be able to say that the answer to my enquiries evinced the most cordial approval of the proposal, and all that remains now is for the Association to fix the date for observing such a day and select a title. Among the titles suggested were the following: 'Flag Day,' 'Britannia Day,' 'Patriotic Day' and 'Empire Day.' None of these titles, except the last, seems to be acceptable."

Mr. Ross then gave his objections to the other titles and his reasons for favouring Empire Day, and with regard to the date said:

"As to the time most convenient for the celebration of such a day, from suggestions received and from a careful consideration of the whole question, I would respectfully advise that the school day immediately preceding the 24th of May be the day selected."

On August 4th the Association unanimously passed this resolution:

"Resolved that the Association recommends that the school day immediately preceding the 24th of May be set apart as 'Empire Day,' and that the Education Departments in the Provinces and Territories be respectfully requested to arrange for such exercises in their respective schools as will tend to the increase of a sound patriotic feeling."

Pursuant to this resolution formal action was taken by the Education Department of Ontario, the Council of Public Instruction of Nova Scotia and the Protestant Section of the Council of Public Instruction of Quebec. In the schools under the jurisdiction of these three departments Empire Day was duly celebrated on May 23rd last, as it was also in some schools in New Brunswick and Manitoba. It is expected that the day will soon be universally observed in Canada.

Outside of Canada, too, the day has already attracted attention. The English newspapers contained brief news references to it when the Ontario Education Department announced the formal action taken by it on the 1st of March. The idea seems at once to have commended itself to many in the Mother Country, where the Queen's Birthday has not hitherto been even a holiday, and where there has been no special patriotic day in the schools. On April 25th the *London Times* contained a letter from Lord Meath on the subject, together with one from Mr. Chamberlain to Lord Meath. After giving the substance of the reports he had read in the papers, Lord Meath said:

"This appeared to me such an excellent idea and one (especially if connected with a half-holiday) so well calculated to advance the cause of unity within the Empire, that I ventured to ask her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies whether he could not see his way to use his great influence unofficially to push this movement throughout other portions of the Empire, so that ultimately the anniversary of Her Majesty's birthday throughout the length and breadth of her dominions might be associated in the minds of her subjects, especially of the young, with that vast Empire which has in so large a measure been the product of her long and glorious reign. In answer to my appeal, Mr. Chamberlain has been good enough to send me the enclosed reply, which I shall be obliged if you will kindly publish. (Signed), MEATH."

Mr. Chamberlain's letter was as follows:

"DEAR LORD MEATH,—I have received your letter of the 8th inst., in which you call my attention to the reported action of the Education Department of Ontario with regard to

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the Queen's Birthday, and suggest that I should endeavor to get their example copied in other parts of the Empire. I agree with you in regarding the Sovereign's birthday as an appropriate occasion for such special efforts to foster Imperial patriotism and loyalty as appear to have been made under the direction of the Education Department of Ontario, and I should be glad to see similar action in the schools of other parts of the Empire. (Signed), J. CHAMBERLAIN."

A Committee, called the Queen's Eightieth Birthday Committee, were already at work to secure the special observance of the 24th, and their plans included the children of two or three schools. The chairman of the Committee gave this information in a letter to the *Times* in reply to that of Lord Meath. Later, the London School Board, on motion of Lord Reay, the chairman, issued instructions that the children of the London Board Schools should, on the morning of the 24th, be addressed on the Queen's reign, while the afternoon should be a holiday. What influence Canada's action may have had in the case of the London School Board, it is impossible to say. But these facts show at least the simple beginnings out of which an Empire Day may, under Canada's example, develop in the Mother Country. There is little doubt also that the example will before long be copied in other parts of the Empire. Lord Meath's letter is an evidence of the agencies already at work.

It has seemed worth while to place on record these facts of the origin of Empire Day. As a matter of record, also, I think it is worth the necessary space to give some typical details of the first celebration in Canada. I have clippings from local papers in all parts of the country. One idea prevailed, but there were many minor differences in method. Even a partial list of interesting features should contain useful suggestions for principals and teachers.

The general scope of the exercises may be gathered from the circular issued by Mr. Ross to the Inspectors of Ontario:

"Part of the forenoon might be occupied with a familiar talk by the teacher on the

British Empire, its extent and resources; the relation of Canada to the Empire; the unity of the Empire, and its advantages; the privileges which, as British subjects, we enjoy; the extent of Canada and its resources; readings from Canadian and British authors by the teacher; interesting historical incidents in connection with our own country. The aim of the teacher in all his references to Canada and the Empire should be, to make Canadian patriotism intelligent, comprehensive and strong. The afternoon, commencing at 2.30 p.m., might be occupied with patriotic recitations, songs and readings by the pupils, and speeches by trustees, clergymen and such other persons as may be available. The trustees and public generally should be invited to be present at the exercises. During the day the British Flag or Canadian Ensign should be hoisted over the school building."

The Inspectors handed on these suggestions, in some cases with more detail, to the trustees and teachers, who were left to work out the programmes.

It will perhaps be the best plan to give the features of chief interest under certain general headings. The details of the class work of the morning have, naturally, not been reported. I have already stated the Provinces in which the day was observed. High Schools, Public Schools and Separate Schools took part, and all grades from the Kindergarten to the Normal classes.

In most cases the exercises were held in the school buildings, the classes congregating in one or more rooms according to the accommodation. But there were several divergences from this rule. In Montreal a great public meeting was held on the evening of the 22nd in the Arena Rink. This celebration stands first in point of time and in magnitude. The music was furnished by a choir of one thousand school children. That the meeting was held on the 22nd instead of the 23rd was owing to the fact that a Military Tattoo had been arranged for the latter night. In Petrolia, Ontario, all the school children gathered in the Opera House on the afternoon of Empire Day; and in Galt in the grand stand in the Park. At the High School in Sherbrooke, Quebec, the exercises were held on the school lawn.

There were several street parades, the children carrying flags and maple leaves. In Petrolia, for example, the children marched to the Opera House,



headed by the High School cadets. In Galt the officers, bugle band, and a color party of the 29th Batt. led the way to the Park. All the school children of the town were in line, some riding on decorated bicycles. In Woodstock the children of one school marched through the principal streets and back to the school again. At other places there were marches around the school grounds.

Decorations were very general, and sometimes really elaborate. The materials used were pictures, particularly pictures of the Queen, flags, bunting, flowers and maple leaves. The blackboards, also, were brought into requisition and were covered with drawings of the Union Jack and other flags, the national flowers and emblems of different parts of the Empire, the Canadian and British coats-of-arms, and maps of the world with the British Empire filled in. In many cases these drawings were made by the children themselves. Maple leaves were very generally worn, and the staff of one school presented each child with a tiny Canadian ensign as a *boulonnaire*. In some kindergarten classes the children made British flags.

Printed programmes were common, but not universal. Some were mere catalogues of the events of the day, and others contained, in addition, appropriate selections or explanatory notes. In one class the children prepared their own souvenir cards.

Music, of course, there was in abundance, both vocal and instrumental, choruses by the children being the leading feature in every case. I find that no less than forty different patriotic choruses were sung. And nearly all the patriotic poetry that was not sung was recited.

A feature that might be very largely developed was the dialogue. The Seven Provinces was a favourite, each Province being represented by a girl who spoke for it. Other dialogues were The Loyal Brigade, and Red, White and Blue. At the Model School in Toronto, Kipling's poem, A Song of the English, was beautifully and effectively rendered as a dialogue, England

receiving the declarations of her dependencies and giving her answer. These dialogues were combined with fancy drill. Manual exercises, military drill, fancy drill, the saluting of the flag, and, in Galt, a Maypole dance, formed the spectacular part of the programmes.

Public men responded well to the invitations to deliver addresses, it being a rare programme on which there were not at least two speeches. General Foster, United States Consul, delivered the principal address at the County Academy, Halifax.

Essays by the children on Patriotism, on Canada, the United Kingdom, England and her colonies, and short biographical sketches of distinguished men were an important feature. One class in Brantford must be credited with a novelty: Each pupil gave one fact relating to Queen Victoria. In Whitby one of the High School girls was chosen by her schoolmates to impersonate Laura Secord, and receive the contributions from all the scholars of the town, which the School Board had decided to allow to be collected toward the proposed monument.

Finally, the telegrams to the Queen from the school children of Montreal and Halifax should be mentioned. The Montreal telegram read: "School children of Montreal in their first celebration of Empire Day send expression of their loyal devotion to their Queen and Empire." The Halifax telegram was similar: "The school children of Halifax celebrating Empire Day in common with all Canadian schools, send loyal greetings to their beloved Sovereign." The reply received was: "Queen thanks you and all Canadian school children." The Secretary of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners in Montreal received the following letter from the Queen's Private Secretary, Sir Arthur Bigge: "The Private Secretary is commanded to express the thanks of the Queen for the kind message of congratulation which the school children of Montreal have forwarded through you to Her Majesty."

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Such, in brief, is the history of the first Empire Day. Will the day prove a good thing or a bad thing? We must not lose sight for a moment of the fact that it may prove a dangerous influence. False notions of patriotism, false conceptions of national work, and false enthusiasms are much more easily imparted than true ones. The institution of Empire Day, far

from solving anything, has thrust upon us one of the gravest problems. With this aspect of the question I cannot deal at the end of an article. But while I express my belief in the day's wide possibilities of good, I would insist that the realization of these possibilities depends, not on the day itself, but on the wisdom with which the appeal to patriotism is made.

## CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

THE modern nervous system has much to try it. The daily despatches from the four corners of the earth, with murmurs of revolution and threatenings of war, keep the mind of man on the tenter-hooks of suspense. Three centuries ago, if civilization was ruder, the bliss of ignorance relieved the mass of mankind from much strain. To-day the possibilities of war—or worse—in South Africa create anxieties in distant parts of the British Empire. The meeting of Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor at the Cape, with Oom Paul has failed to produce a favourable result, and the Imperial authorities have to deal with a kind of diplomacy which knows no modern finesse, but is rugged and uncompromising to the last degree. For centuries the long arm of England has reached out far to protect her subjects, to secure them equal justice, and to enforce at least a recognition of civilization from the most stubborn despot. In the last resort there is always force, but with the Boers—owing to their successful repulse of a former British attack—this force means less than it does to other communities. The full price of the Jameson raid is now being paid. But for that senseless movement—since a revolt which fails is always wrong, while one which succeeds passes into history as a noble and necessary revolution—the demands made upon the Transvaal Republic would be irresistible. Nor can Eng-

land, in the interests of peace and humanity, call in another nation to advise the Boers to take the course to which this proud and tenacious race must inevitably, in the end, bend its neck. England, being the suzerain power, must deal with its own refractory state. What hidden resources there may yet be to avoid armed conflict, what card, to use the phrase of the gaming table, the Colonial Secretary may have up his sleeve, it seems almost impossible to divine.

Lord Salisbury staved off war by an agreement with Russia on the Chinese question, but he has not quieted the apprehensions of those who fear that in the competition of the European Powers for control in China, Britain is being



BARON BILDT—SWEDEN AND NORWAY.  
THE PEACE CONFERENCE.



BARON DE STAAL—RUSSIA.



M. DE BERNAERT—FRANCE.

## THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

left behind in the race. Intelligent travellers, like Lord Charles Beresford and officials who represent British influence and commerce in China, believe that, in the imminent break-up of the Chinese Empire, Great Britain will not hold that influence which her commercial supremacy would warrant her in asserting. An alliance with Japan and the United States is urged. There are almost inseparable obstacles to this, chiefly due to the fact that, under its form of government, the American Republic cannot be counted upon to maintain such a continuity of foreign policy as is involved in a regular alliance. Where the commercial interests of the Republic strongly point to a certain line of policy, that course is to a certain degree pursued by one Cabinet or another. But it is not easily crystallized into any definite agreement, and those who study foreign policy, especially the course of events in China, are forced to the conclusion that England must fight for her own hand there, aided only by such benevolent neutrality and general co-operation in details on the part of other nations possessing interests similar to her own. It is possible that Lord Salisbury is acting on some such principle, and that if he

appears at times to be at the mercy of circumstances it is because the British Empire, powerful as it may be, is not a paramount influence in every quarter of the world.

The apotheosis of mere Number is being carried out with fine ceremonial in Australia. The union movement has hung fire, because in New South Wales—the Ontario of the Australian provinces—the exact majority by which Federation ought to be carried has raised, at one stage or another of the long agitation, a vexatious obstacle. Mr. Reid, the Premier, was not a cordial friend of the movement in its early and critical stages, and the measure failed to secure the prescribed majority, although the majority of votes recorded was large enough to impress the ruling politicians, including Mr. Reid, with the necessity of carrying it by some means. The conference of Premiers drew all the colonies once more together, but a new difficulty has arisen in connection with the Upper House in New South Wales, which proved unwilling to promote Federation after the Lower House had endorsed the Premier's new proposals. Encouraged by this inaction and hostility in New South

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## THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

Wales, Queensland has likewise been backward in dealing with the question, although Mr. Dickson, the head of the Ministry, has promised co-operation. It does not appear that Australian Union is yet assured, owing largely to the selfish bungling and to some extent bad faith of the politicians. In Canada the steadfast attachment of Mr. George Brown to his Conservative allies for the purpose of Confederation enabled the measure to be passed, and if the constituencies were not consulted on the details of the bill before it went into force, there does not seem any substantial reason to regret that fact to-day. The idea of counting heads every time a necessary constitutional change is decided on, and then allowing a small adverse vote to stifle it, may be carried too far.

Lord Tennyson, the new Governor of South Australia, received a very hearty welcome from the people there who greeted him with especial cordiality, doubtless as the son of his father. The selection of a man not previously prominent in political affairs may have occasioned some surprise at the moment, but there is no reason to fear that Lord Tennyson will fail to make an acceptable and capable colonial ad-

ministrator. It is the good fortune of Britain to possess what has been termed a large "reserve force" of men who can be sent with confidence to the outlying parts of the Empire. They may not in every case be brilliant, but in the majority of instances they are safe men, who will strengthen the Imperial connection and be a source of constant inspiration to new communities as presenting an imported mind free from local prejudices and party proclivities. The tributes which have been paid to Lord Elgin, who lately retired from the Viceroyalty of India, indicate the spirit in which the services of public men are required in Great Britain. Here was a perfectly untried man, selected by Mr. Gladstone at a time when choice was limited, owing to his political isolation, and who, going to India, with much to learn at a period of unusual difficulty, achieved a distinct success, owing to the faithfulness, zeal and courage shown in the discharge of duty. The British press are unanimous in awarding praise to Lord Elgin for the sense and patriotism he exhibited throughout his term of office, and if history does not place him among the ablest of Indian Viceroys, she will, at least, declare that like many other Britons call-



SETH LOWE—U.S.



COUNT NIGRA—ITALY.

## THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

ed to arduous posts from the tranquillity of private life, he did the state good service.

The clamour that is continually raised on this continent against railway corporations for the high freight rates which are maintained, almost invariably leads up to the argument that if state control were substituted for private ownership this and other evils would disappear. The experience of Victoria, a colony which owns its lines of railways, indicates that the revision of rates is not an easy task provided the lines are worked on business principle. The farmers there have complained of the high charges on wheat carried to the seaboard, the charge being 12s. 4d. a bushel per 150 miles when wheat sold as low as 2s. 6d. The Victorian Government, owing to the requirements of revenue, skilfully shelved the question until the present season's heavy crop had been marketed. Where the railway administration is entirely at the mercy of political, rather than business, influences a policy of putting the rates below cost of carriage would probably prevail, and no doubt in time Victoria will move in this direction. But that state railways can at once enable a community's producers to meet foreign competition and prove a

paying investment remains to be demonstrated.

The Salisbury Government suffered a reverse in the Southport election, mainly, it is thought, owing to the defection of evangelical Churchmen who are displeased with the inaction of Ministers in the ritualism controversy. The policy of political leaders is to give the bishops a chance, but the rank and file are not bound by any half-avowed compact to avoid parliamentary interference for the time. The laity seem to be in earnest, and when staunch party men break away at the polls the measure of their earnestness is indicated.

The British House of Commons continues to occupy itself with business of less Imperial interest than usual, although the bills themselves are of national importance. One dealing with education has occasioned much discussion of matters which throw more light upon the economic and social conditions of England than subjects involving foreign policy—although, naturally, we hear less of them. In opposing a provision as to the age of children for compulsory attendance at school, a member for an Essex constituency deprecated any step that threw further obstacles in the way of farmers ob-





M. DE BEAUFORT—BELGIUM.



DUKE OF TETUAN—SPAIN.

## THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

taining agricultural labour. It was pointed out that the eastern counties were being steadily depleted of rural population. One farmer had to milk his cows by means of a gas engine! Wages go up, but the rush toward the cities progresses faster. These counties have less population than they possessed in the days of the Stuarts, even less than in the Middle Ages.

In the colonies the supposition is that delay in dealing with the Pacific Cable scheme is due to vested interests—that is the cable companies already in existence. As a measure of defence the value of the projected cable would be great, and this consideration can hardly be overlooked by the Imperial authorities. They must know as well as we do the needs of the Empire in time of war, and if the project is abandoned because the Imperial Government declines to proceed on the lines recommended by the commission, the fault will certainly not rest upon the colonies. Both the Canadian and Australian Governments have acted with unusual vigour in the matter, and it will be an exceedingly unfortunate precedent if, after the colonies have been

worked up to the requisite pitch of enthusiasm in behalf of the project, the Imperial Government should strike out on an entirely new line, which is not considered practicable by colonial opinion.

The Peace Conference of 1899 is at least a picturesque affair. If we could forget that society rests upon force, a general resolution not to fight would be an admirable vow for all nations to take. If life could be diverted of the stern, hard conditions which surround existence, and the human character remoulded by the elimination of passion, the Conference could fix a date for the Millennium. In providing fresh means whereby nations on the verge of war may either arbitrate their differences, or secure, without loss of dignity, the services of a mediator, there is doubtless work for the Conference to do. At least discussion may do good. There is, also, food for thought in proposals to restrain warlike nations from free use of the more hideous weapons of destruction. But where any such proposal threatens to cripple a particular service or a particular nation we find that it meets with little favour. When the

Conference seems likely to condemn the use of explosive bullets, the *London Times*, no mean exponent of higher civilization, proceeds to say: "That type has been adopted by our military authorities for the purposes of a special class of warfare in which this country is necessarily more often involved than other powers, and if our experts can show, as they undoubtedly will, that its use is not at variance with the ordinary laws of humane warfare, we can hardly be expected to abandon it in deference to the theoretical objections of others, whose necessities are not the same as ours." This opinion indicates the spirit in which any drastic attempt at change will be met. From the number of able men who take part in it, the Peace Conference must always be interesting. That it will discover the panacea for war, that it will even propound remedies for reducing international conflicts to a minimum, only enthusiasts need expect. On paper the most beautiful sentiments and the most elaborate plans for arbitration may be set down. The timid will be much comforted by the phrases used and the enumeration of promising expedients. In the ultimate event, whenever there is cause, and they can safely do so, nations will fight exactly as before—and the strong will prevail.

The twists and turns in the Dreyfus case have been set forth to the world in such detail that the average mind has lost sight of the salient facts and finds it hard to determine what all the pother is about. That a man was unjustly sentenced for a crime he did not commit is no new thing even under the highest forms of law. What strikes at the root of the principles on which modern states rest is the comparative ease with which the wrong was inflicted, and the participation of persons and interests that ought to be above suspicion. In a country where all men are compelled to serve in the army, it becomes a serious matter when by means of a secret trial, forged documents and false testimony a soldier's liberty can be taken away. Whose life is safe under such conditions? Added to this feeling are the innumerable causes of unrest in France, the lack of confidence in its rulers and itself which the nation exhibits. A republic armed to the teeth is a menace to itself and to others, and the final issue is certainly not disarmament and the gradual resumption of commercial and pastoral pursuits by a community well fitted for both. The Dreyfus crisis may not produce the inevitable revolution, but come it will at last.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.



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# EDITORIAL COMMENT

PROFESSOR WILLIAM CLARK, the new president of the Royal Society of Canada, brings to the office a dignity and honour equal to its own. Whether at the University of Aberdeen or at Oxford, whether in some of the leading pulpits of England or in the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Trinity University, Toronto, whether a contributor to literary papers or special lecturer at a sister university—wherever he has been and in whatever he has done, he has won honour and praise as a dignified and thorough scholar. Although he has just turned seventy years of age, his glance is as keen, his movements as alert and his brain as active as those of most men a score of years younger; moreover, he is broader in his views and in his range of thought than most clergymen or priests, and thus quite capable of bearing the highest literary honour in Canada with full credit to himself and the Society of which he is to be the chief administrator.

This publication is honoured in having Professor Clark among the contributors to its thirteenth volume. His articles on Dante's Divine Comedy are masterpieces of appreciative interpretation.

Sir John G. Bourinot, who was the first secretary of the Royal Society upon its formation by the Marquis of Lorne in 1882, has been re-elected to that office. In 1891 he was vice-president, and in 1892 president. He has been secretary continuously since 1893, and has long been recognized as the central figure in the Society's group of active workers. To his perseverance and energy much of the success of the Society must be attributed.

W. Sanford Evans, who writes the history of Empire Day in this issue, is

just now at the head of a newly-organized "League of Canadian Clubs," which aims at establishing Canadian clubs in the various cities and towns in Canada. The league is composed at present of three clubs, situated in Hamilton, Toronto and Galt. Mr. Evans, who is now a Toronto journalist, was the first president of the Hamilton club. He contributed to the second volume of this magazine an article on the Canadian Club movement.

There are people in Canada who are paying \$10 per barrel for Manitoba flour, although the price in Toronto and Montreal runs from four to five dollars. These people who are forced to pay such fabulous prices live at Moose Factory, on James Bay. This Hudson's Bay Company's Post is reached from the outside world only once a year, and that by a ship which arrives from England in August. This annual ship brings in all the supplies for the population of five hundred whites and Indians; and Chicago pork sells at \$27 a barrel and Manitoba flour at \$10, these huge prices being due to the double transportation across the Atlantic.

At this isolated post there live two important whites, the Bishop of Moosonee and the Hudson's Bay Company's Chief Factor, W. K. Broughton—the one ruling the spiritual affairs of the district, and the other the temporal. The latter has been at this post over thirty years. The Bishop has a fine garden. A visitor to it on October 7th, 1898, states that all kinds of vegetables were growing in it at that date.\*

Two smaller posts are connected

\* Ontario Crown Lands Report, 1898: p. 56; sub-report of A. Niven, O.L.S.

with this larger one. At New Post on the Abbittibi, one hundred and thirty miles from Moose Factory, an officer and two men are stationed to look after the fur trade of that region. Another officer is stationed at Abbittibi, on Lake Abbittibi, and he has often about him in the summer-time three or four hundred Indians, who have come in to meet their friends and trade their furs for flour, pork, blankets, guns, knives and ammunition.

This information from the Ontario Government Reports should prove interesting to those of our readers who have been following Beckles Willson's articles on the early days of the Company's rule at Nelson and York Factories, which are on the same body of water, but much further north than Moose Factory. It should be interesting to those also who read Mr. Wadsworth's two articles on the Moose Lands of Northern Ontario. Mr. Wadsworth has spent two or three summers hunting in that region, and knows it very thoroughly.

In the summer of 1898 Mr. A. Niven, a land surveyor, and a party of eighteen persons were engaged in running the boundary line between Nipissing and Algoma along the Abbittibi and Moose Rivers. The line was already partly run, but Mr. Niven ran it 180 miles farther to a point about twenty-nine miles southwest of Moose Factory. He reports that the fishing in the Abbittibi and the Moose is not very good, the water being too muddy for trolling. He saw two white porpoises in the Moose River about ten miles from the Factory. There are no red deer along this line, he claims, but there were signs of moose and caribou through part of the district, namely, from the 120th to the 220th mile, the last eighty miles being almost without game of any kind. Beaver are very plentiful between the 180th and 230th mile, their ponds proving very troublesome to the surveying party.

This district which Mr. Niven describes as being frequented by moose

and caribou is a beautiful piece of country containing some millions of acres of good farming land—just as productive as any in Ontario. For nearly a hundred miles it is as level as a prairie, but is covered with spruce and poplar of considerable value. Why the Ontario Government after such a report offers to give away a considerable portion of this land to a railway contractor cannot be understood. Premier Hardy would be wise to commence immediately a colonization road into that district and throw it open for settlement. For the purposes of agriculture, the land is of double, perhaps triple the value of the land now being settled on by the Doukhobors and Mennonites in the North-West, while the timber is very valuable for paper and pulp.

It is not pleasant work finding fault or indulging in severe criticism, but it is hardly avoidable when one looks at the records of the last twenty years of Ontario Colonization. It is represented by one colony in Northern Ontario which is named "Dryden"; this has been a wonderful success but has never been duplicated. The rulers of Ontario during the past twenty years have been sleeping amid the deadening aroma of petty politics, and there has been no intelligent Opposition or well-informed Press to awaken them. They have done absolutely nothing for the Province except to collect and spend its revenues, to appoint sheriffs and license commissioners, and to perform other municipal duties of equally great importance.

The Toronto *Globe* does well to point out that the sentiment against private control of railways has been growing in Canada, and that "there is a movement of considerable force in favour of public instead of private ownership." Everyone must agree with the *Globe* that the present Government has not been so liberal with the railways as was its predecessor, and "has carried the principle of government control a long way." Whenever new railways have been sanctioned and bonused dur-

ing the past three years, running powers are reserved for future companies desiring to use them. The usefulness of the Railway Committee of the Privy Council had been increased by an extension of its powers to make regulations for all Canadian railways.

Soon we may expect to see the bonus system abandoned in favour of a loan system, and after that will come the question of public ownership. The first of these two reforms will probably be inaugurated within a year or two, although the latter cannot be expected for some years to come.

Mr. W. F. Luxton, in 1893, wrote a letter showing why he had lost control of the *Winnipeg Free Press*. In this letter occurs the following paragraph :

"Shortly after the Provincial Government granted a bonus of some \$160,000 to the Canadian Pacific Railway for the Souris extension; and then began the friendship of the C.P.R. for the Government, which has been ever since manifested. Subsequently, some \$70,000 has been given that company as a provincial bonus on the Pipestone extension; and what is presently under consideration is a bonus for a Dauphin extension. Beyond a doubt these are the considerations for which the C.P.R. converted its hostility to the local government into friendship; and besides, all the circumstances, with which I am painfully familiar, convince me that it is a part of the arrangement that the *Free Press* shall be brought into line with the government. To that position, under my management, it positively never could be brought."

This is an example of the charges that will be made so long as this railway bonus system is kept up. If it were done away with we would hear less about bribery and corruption. Mr. Luxton's statement may or may not be a fair one, but it shows the possibilities; and in some cases, as the Canadian public is well aware, there have been more than possibilities.

Some persons have remarked that Mr. Norman Patterson's criticisms of the Canadian people in the June issue of this magazine were too strong and scarcely justifiable. But Mr. Patterson wrote nothing so stern as the following editorial paragraph from that staid daily, *The Montreal Gazette*:

"Some Liberal papers resent the statement that Ontario's electorate is the most corrupt in Canada. They have the facts against them, however. There have been more unseatings for bribery, more saw-offs to save unseatings, more scandals in connection with the bribery of electors, and more legal whitewashings of corruptionists in Ontario than in any other three provinces in Canada. The records of the courts are in proof that the people are politically rotten."

This is severe. Yet it contains more than an element of truth. Without attempting to excuse the persons who seek and accept bribes, I think any person is safe in saying that the leaders, provincial and federal, of both parties are responsible for the state of affairs which the editor of the *Gazette* deplores. They have created what are known as "campaign funds," to which members of parliament, members of legislatures, office holders, contractors, and those interested in party success are required to contribute. The politicians are not seeking to govern the country well, but to hold or gain the treasury benches. This is the primary object of every political party, very few politicians being willing, as Sir William Meredith was for many years in Ontario, to occupy the Opposition benches rather than adopt the policy of campaign funds or to sacrifice their political and moral principles.

The *Winnipeg Telegram* condemns Mr. Greenway, because at a luncheon given at the Manitoba Club to Mr. O'Connor Power, on June 14th, 1888, Mr. Greenway declared:

"I have sometimes complained that we have shown too much disposition here to invite Icelanders, Mennonites, Scandinavians, Germans and so on."

I have always thought fairly of Mr. Greenway as a shrewd administrator, but that quotation makes me think more of him than ever. This influx of the foreigner is something every nation cannot bear without injury.

Outside of his railway and education policies Mr. Greenway is not very vulnerable, and if he is beaten by Mr. Hugh John Macdonald in the approaching provincial election, it will be because the province desires a change.

John A. Cooper.



# BOOKS AND AUTHORS

## PRINCIPAL CAIRD'S BOOKS.

**PRINCIPAL JOHN CAIRD**, of Glasgow, was for many years one of the most noted scholars of the English world, and in Canada there are professors and clergymen who have profited by personal teaching from him. Fourteen of his "University Addresses"\* have just been published and they show the wonderful range of the man's thought and knowledge, as well as the brightness of his intellect. His language is always simple, his arguments clear and easily comprehended, and it is these characteristics which will make "University Addresses" a popular book. The subjects of the lectures are as follows: The Unity of the Sciences; The Progressiveness of the Sciences; Erasmus; Galileo; The Scientific Character of Bacon; David Hume; Bishop Butler and his Theology; The Study of History; The Science of History; The Study of Art; The Progressiveness of Art; The Art of Public Speaking; The Personal Element in Teaching; General and Professional Education.

Another volume by the Principal is entitled "University Sermons." While this must necessarily be of greatest importance to clergymen, it will be found not without interest to the general reader. For example: The first chapter deals with the subject, "What is Religion?" and we are all interested in knowing what so great a scholar thought was comprehended in that word. His sermon on "Truth and Freedom" also contains many specially forcible thoughts and suggestions.

\* Principal Caird's books are published in Canada by the Upper Canada Tract Society, 102 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Of course, both these books are for the earnest seeker after knowledge, not for the dilettante whose life is composed of vapid pleasure and stimulating sensation.

## CANADIAN CITIZENSHIP.

Another book of this class is John Millar's "Canadian Citizenship," just published by William Briggs, whose list comprises so many excellent books. The author, who is the Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, and whose name has appeared on a great number of title pages, has produced a book which should be in the hands of every voter. The Rights and Duties of Citizens, the Nature of Government, Patriotism, Municipal Government, the Judicial System, Taxation, Political Parties—these are some of the subjects discussed. Of course they are not treated exhaustively, but simply to such an extent that most citizens will find their minds stimulated and their information increased. The only fault of the book is that it lacks in brightness and sprightliness, but this fault is more than wiped out by the admirable arrangement and condensation.

## MODERN ENGLAND.

Sometime ago there was reviewed in these columns a volume by Justin McCarthy, M.P., entitled "Modern England Before the Reform Bill." There is now issued in the same series\* a sequel volume "Modern England: The Reform Bill to the Present Time," and it will be found to be most comprehensive and delightfully attractive.

\* Story of the Nations Series; London: T. Fisher Unwin.

To be sure, Justin McCarthy is not always an absolutely safe guide, since he occasionally sacrifices sense to sound, detail to sweep. But his books are very readable, and so long as the profound scholars continue to produce tedious narratives, the unreliable but charming history will have the preference. Justin McCarthy writes for the public and writes well. If he wrote much better, the public would not be inclined to read him.

His chapter on "The Foundation of the Canadian Dominion" is very misleading and will probably receive more extended notice in a future issue. He gives the whole credit of the Canadian Confederation to Lord Durham, overlooking the labours of many equally able men and removing entirely the laurel wreaths which have hitherto encircled the brows of "The Fathers of Confederation."

The two last chapters of the volume are very interesting: "The Close of Some Great Careers" and "Literature, Art and Science." The volume is profusely illustrated, among these prints being portraits of Ruskin, Cobden, Bright, Disraeli, Aberdeen, Manning, Lawrence, Roberts, Dickens, Gordon, Tennyson, Rossetti and a score of others.

#### NEW FICTION.

The number of books supplied for our summer reading is as great as usual. But it is difficult to think that the late Harold Frederic ever expected his last book\* to be classed in this way. His motive, which is intensely clear, is too great, too majestic for an ordinary summer book. Mr. Frederic went out into the London stock market and, beyond the events happening there, he saw the men who made them happen; and beyond the men, he saw their motives, their ambitions and their lives. He chose Joel Stormont Thorpe, the man who floated a valueless rubber company and made millions out of it, as a type.

Thorpe was crude, cruel, restless,

\* *The Market Place*, by Harold Frederic. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

heartless, ambitious, but determined. He went into the fight determined to win, determined to beat the stock-brokers at their own game. They laughed at him, sold short on his stock to make sport of him, and were finally fleeced as they had fleeced others. Then Thorpe began to spend his money. This part of the story will perhaps be by some designated an anti-climax. But if one considers that this is not the history of the stock-market, but of one man's soul struggle, then it will not be so regarded. Thorpe takes a house and installs in it his niece and nephew, and begins to enjoy the world. Afterwards he buys an estate, captures a handsome, intellectual woman, and expects his happiness to be complete. There is the real climax: Alexander had conquered the world and found his ambition unsatisfied. Thorpe one day says to his wife: "It would make all the difference in the world to me, if—if you were really—actually my other half!" And then—with all their servants, their wealth, their greenhouses, their position in society—"the husband and wife looked dumbly, almost vacantly at one another, for what appeared a long time." They each were crying, "I want to get nearer to you"—crying in vain for what wealth, society, influence, cannot give.

"I, for my sins, carry upon my back the burden of a prodigious fortune."

"We are the tired people; the load is never lifted from our backs." These are the remarks of the Duke of Glastonbury to Thorpe in the discussion which closes the volume.

The chief merit of the book seems to be that the author has seen the tragedy of life in the case of such men as Thorpe and has dealt with it plainly and thoroughly. In fact, he has almost preached to us about life—but he has done it gently, earnestly and sympathetically. He has told us a tale which must be a balm to our sorrows and a stimulus to our contentment.

Henry Sexton Merriman's books, "The Sowers" and "Roden's Corner," have had a splendid sale on this con-

inent. His latest book, "Dross,"\* is as good as anything he has written. It is a tale of France in the days when the sellers of toys in the gutters of Paris offered the passer a black doll under the name of Bismarck, or a monkey on a stick called the King of Prussia—when the French were ripe for "one of those strokes by which high heaven teaches nations from time to time through the world's history, that human greatness is a small affair." Bismarck was the instrument which the Teacher used, and Sedan was the place where the lesson was taught. But the political events of 1870 are only a background for domestic events in which the principal characters of the story play a part. The Count de Clericy loses several million francs in the form of drafts which had been prepared for the purpose of transporting his fortune to London for safety. After this misfortune he drowns himself. His private secretary, a young Englishman, suspects a former private secretary, a Frenchman, and a long chase ensues. Incidentally the attachment of the secretary to the late count's daughter plays an important part.

Mr. Merriman is much like Thackeray in some ways, for he is always anxious to paint a lesson or point a moral. He makes comments on many things and at many times when such comment seems unnecessary, although quite opportune. His style is almost directly opposed to that of Mr. Howells who seldom intrudes upon his tale a thought or remark of his own. Mr. Merriman's stories are simpler and his dealing with the problems of life and with conduct in general is in his "asides." The style of both these writers differs materially from that of Sienkiewicz whose new book must now be considered.



Henry Sienkiewicz was born in 1845 in Lithuania and was educated in Warsaw. He devoted himself to literature and in 1884 gave to the Polish public his three great historical novels, "Fire

and Sword," "The Deluge" and "Pan Michael." The two former have already been translated into English by Jeremiah Curtin and have been well received by this continent. The third is said to be in the press of Little, Brown & Co. Another of his novels, "Without Dogma,"\* has been translated by Iza Young and we have a Canadian edition of it. This is not an historical novel, and the chief interest lies in a single character—a man who is battling for his own soul. This man tells his own story, starting off with the apparent belief that, as a friend told him, "a man who leaves memoirs, whether well or badly written, provided they be sincere, renders a service to future psychologists and writers, giving them not only a faithful picture of the times, but likewise human documents that can be relied upon." Leon Ploszowski is a pessimist and this fills his life with neutral tints and prevents his accomplishing anything. He is without dogma. But eventually he meets a woman who stirs him, and she the wife of another. Then there is a different kind of struggle—the man without dogma and the woman with dogma, fighting side by side. Here is a problem which raises the book above the crowd of lesser novels with only paltry problems, or without problems at all. The novel without its "knotty proposition," is not a human document. The novel that simply tells a story amuses us, pleases us, sometimes elevates us by its realism. But the book that adds to the artistic realism the discussion or portrayal of a soul struggle of some kind, must leave with us instruction as well as a sense of pleasure. This is the key-note to the value of "Without Dogma," as it is to the importance of "The Market-Place," and in a lesser degree to "Dross." Those who have read "Aylwin" will have seen there the same principle exemplified. In the poems of Browning, Rossetti and others, a similar principle obtains, though worked out in a necessarily different manner.

\*Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

\*Toronto: The G. N. Morang Co. Cloth, \$1.25; paper 75 cents.

Of a somewhat similar character, though of a very different quality is "A Dash for a Throne,"\* by Arthur W. Marchmont. This work may be classed with "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Pride of Jennico," and some of Weyman's books. It is a tale of court intrigue in Bavaria, with an intricate plot, exciting incident and strong dramatic interest. It lacks some of the finer grace of "The Prisoner of Zenda," but is quite the equal of some of Anthony Hope's other works. Its main interest lies in its startling incident.

Another very pleasant book is "When Knighthood was in Flower,"† by Edwin Caskoden (Charles Major). It is a tale of the days of Henry VIII., showing the life of the court and the members of the royal household, the international relations of the earlier years, and something of the domestic conditions. The language is quaintly archaic, the style admirably suited to the subject, and the atmosphere much clearer than might be expected from a litterateur of the western United States dealing with a remote period in English history. It is not too much to say that it deserves its popularity.

E. F. Benson, the author of "Dodo," made his mark in the world of books—not the literary world, for there is a difference—by his delineation of the character of an odd and daring woman. He has just given us another novel, entitled "The Money Market,"‡ in which the leading female character is Sybil Otterbourne, a young lady with a "microscopic soul, not large enough for two emotions at a time, nor even for one fine one." She is engaged to a young man with a fortune of three million pounds. This young millionaire decides to chuck it all because he discovers that it was all made out of money-lending. Sybil, like the

true daughter of the world, decides that she cannot marry a poor man. Then the other girl wins him by her goodness and naturalness. Of course, no one will accuse Mr. Benson of having invented another plot, for there is absolutely nothing new about the story except in the names of the characters and occasionally in the language they use. It is tiresomely old, and why he should have chosen it, it would be hard to say. The book is less flippant, less brutal in its frankness than "Dodo," and here and there in it there are delightful descriptions of scenery and works of art, but on the whole it is a much less inviting book than its bolder predecessor.

Very few of the English novelists have laid the scenes of their novels in Wales. Allen Raine, however, has chosen that picturesque part of Great Britain as the particular field for his investigations. One of his earlier books is entitled "A Welsh Singer," and his latest book, "By Berwen Banks,"\* deals with Welsh character and life. It has a sweetness and charm of its own showing that the author has the average ingeniousness of his calling, and a little more knowledge of the technical requirements than some. The plot is similar in some respects to that of "The Battle of the Strong," Valmai being the name of the long-suffering woman in the case.

"Love Among the Lions"† is a very fair attempt at a humorous story by F. Anstey. The illustrations are equal to the text.

"The Confounding of Camelia,"‡ by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, has the true female style which George Eliot and Mrs. Ward have missed—the style which is productive of long, complicated, sometimes senseless sentences, and very badly arranged paragraphs. And yet the story is passable,

\*Toronto: William Briggs.

†This book was published anonymously last year, and already the sales are over fifty thousand. Toronto: Geo. J. McLeod.

‡Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

\*Toronto: W. J. Gage Co. Cloth, \$1; paper 50 cents.

†Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co.

‡Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

and some of the scenes rather well handled. The latter are laid in and about London—a city which apparently shares the favours of most of the modern authors.



#### NOTES.

The Officers' Association of the Militia of Canada has just issued the Transactions of the semi-annual meeting for 1899. This forty-eight-page report is chiefly taken up with a paper on "The Evolution of the Canadian Army," by Capt. C. F. Winter, of Ottawa, whose abilities are well known.

A meeting of the Canadian Society of Authors was held on the evening of May 30th at the Canadian Institute, Toronto, Hon. G. W. Ross in the chair. The following officers of the Society were elected: Hon. President, Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., Toronto; President, Hon. G. W. Ross, Toronto; Vice-Presidents, Hon. J. W. Longley, Halifax; W. D. Lighthall, Montreal; Prof. Jas. Mavor, Toronto; Secretary-Treasurer, Bernard McEvoy, Toronto; Executive, Messrs. James Bain, A. H. F. Lefroy, O. A. Howland, J. Castell Hopkins, John A. Cooper, B. E. Walker, Pelham Edgar, and the officers ex-officio. A council was decided upon, comprehending all the provinces of the Dominion, the full list of which will be given later. Candidates for membership to the number of 61 were elected, including: W. W. Campbell, Barlow Cumberland, G. R. Parkin, Charles Lindsey, Prof. John Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, William Banks, Rev. W. S. Blackstock, D.D., D. B. Read, Q.C., Ernest Seton Thompson, George Martin, Francis Blake Crofton, Agnes Maule Machar, Dr. W. H. Drummond, Wm. McLennan, B. Kelly, Mrs. Theo. Coleman, Dr. P. H. Bryce, Constance Rudyard Boulton, C. C. James, J. Macdonald Oxley, R. W. McLachlan, C. Edgar Snow, Julia Henshaw, E. M. Chadwick, Prof. T. H. Rand, B. T. A. Bell, Mary E. Dignam, William Banks, jr., Rev. Duncan Anderson, Arthur Doughty, Fred. T. Hodgson, George C. Rankin,

W. D. Le Sueur, Janet Conger-Allen, Louise P. Heaven, H. H. Wiltshire, S. Frances Harrison, S. E. Dawson, John Henderson, R. T. Lancefield, H. H. Langton, D. Kinmount Roy, Thos. C. Weston, Janet Carnochan, Verna Sheard, W. T. James, Jas. L. Hughes and others.

The *Bookman* says: The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Honoré de Balzac has just been celebrated in France, at Tours, the birthplace of the famous realist. The municipal Council of Tours was petitioned to make an appropriation toward the celebration of May 16th, but the majority of the members of this Council are Socialists, and they refused the request, thinking that Balzac was a "Clerical" because of his *Curé de Village*, *Curé de Tours* and *La Messe de l'Athée*. That Balzac, the great originator of realism, the master of Flaubert and Zola, should be classed as a Clerical even by the most ignorant of Frenchmen appears more than passing strange. He did yearn for the luxurious, as many poetic natures have done. He craved the robings and jewels that accompany wealth, but gained them when it was too late to enjoy the fruits of his tremendous labours. Worn out with creating the *Comédie Humaine*, conceived in his fertile brain, he died when only fifty-one years of age. A dullard at school, a failure as a law student, starving almost in a garret for ten years, undertaking enterprise after enterprise only to fail, he barely grasped literary success before death met him. "I long to be famous and to be loved," he wrote his sister; and fame and affection such as he longed for were his but for a moment. His bride was a widow within less than a year. And the fame that has been awarded to him is chiefly posthumous. His genius made him one of the "moderns" in so emphatic a way that it is difficult to believe that the expounder of "environment" and "adaptation" wrote before the theory of evolution was accepted. Whatever place may be assigned to him in the roll of the immortals, he himself claimed to be nothing more than the "Secretary of Society."



# IDE MOMENTS

## ARTISTIC PERCEPTION.

THE artist was indignant. He wasn't much of an artist. Bohemianism, as he called it, was his peculiar line. Other people called it shabby bumming, begotten of a strong dislike of honest hard work. But he had had a few pictures. He was explaining their absence. He had sent them to the Montreal Exhibition, and the Montreal Exhibition still had them. "Five dollars and seventy-five cents, fees for unpacking, hanging, re-packing and express! No, sir, not me. It's extortion," and every hair of his uncombed dilettante beard stood out in bold relief, "I'll never pay it. Never—never—never," and everybody believed him. "But they can keep them"—the fell spirit of sinister revenge glistened in his eyes and his voice rose to a triumphant shout—"for they cannot sell them and I know it." And we all knew it. C. L. S.

## AN ENGLISHMAN OUT WEST.

The Englishman, and he was very much English and therefore couldn't help it, came out to the west and patronized half a continent. He approved of the Red River, tolerated Winnipeg and said that the Rocky Mountains were very creditable. And then he dropped a vague hint, at the fourth tumbler one night in a little western town on the Saskatchewan, that he might locate in the vicinity—that is if the country was reconstructed for him. He was one of the globe-trotting kind that knows it all and looks on continental Europe as a pleasure ground and the colonies as places to send their younger sons to get rid of them. But he had money. The Westerners will tolerate much from an Englishman with money who is delivered into their hands, and the aforesaid western town was agitated. During one

dull season and an early frost the whole Province of Manitoba struggled along on English younger son remittance men who were farming with a double-barrelled Manton and two pointers and a setter each.

The Englishman was happy for a week. He held a sort of levee for real estate agents, livery-stable keepers, and prominent citizens with openings for investments. The town devoted itself to the Englishman, for times were dull. And then the Englishman showed the qualities which social students say have made him what he is. He gave his quasi-approval to a dozen different properties. He objected to one because it was too far from the railroad, and pooh-poohed the protest of the vendor that the railway people didn't know he was coming, or they might have changed the location of the road even if a high hill and a river intervened. He didn't like the way the river flowed regarding another. The painful frequent habit of rivers flowing down hill provoked him. The system of government survey of prairie land by sections and quarter-sections didn't agree with his park-like ideas. He suggested that an old baronial pile on one location on the bluff overlooking an old buffalo-wallow was requisite before he would buy. He might have bought something, for the town was getting a worried look, if it were not that he found the survey stakes of one half-section had been burned by a prairie fire three years before. He spent the rest of the summer trying to run down the man whose carelessness had started the fire one hundred and fifty miles away. And the town gradually returned to the business of petitioning the government for a bridge, a court-house, a police barracks and any old thing. Incidentally they farmed. C. L. S.

## STORIES OF DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

The Duke of Beaufort, who died a few weeks ago, was a celebrated whip and an all-round sportsman. T. P. O'Connor, in "M.A.P.," tells the following concerning him:

A gentleman in Bath, whose duties brought him in contact now and again with the Duke, saw, early in the racing season several years ago, that Reve d'Or was entered for the City and Suburban, and expressed the hope that she would carry his Grace's colours to victory. The Duke was not sanguine; his luck had not been in the ascendant, but he offered to write to the gentleman in question as the race approached, saying what he thought of his mare's chances. The event came and went by, the Badminton's hoops winning the day. The Bathonian, to whom the Duke had promised to write, heard nothing from the noble owner, and concluded that he had forgotten all about the conversation. But, about ten days after the race, he was surprised to receive a letter from Badminton enclosing a cheque for £24 10s. Said the Duke: "Dear Mr. —, owing to other matters, and being in doubt about the prospects of Reve d'Or, I did not write to you. However, on the day of the race, I believed we had a chance, so I put on £3 for you, and have now great pleasure in sending you the enclosed cheque." Those who know the Duke can quite imagine him doing this.

Though the most genial and hospitable of noblemen, the Duke had a wholesome contempt of "snobocracy." Many years ago, a Bath tradesman, who fancied himself and his hunting get-up, not only made a point of attending a lawn meet at Badminton, but had the presumption to take a seat at the luncheon. The Duke, who was a keen observer, gave the uninvited guest, a never-to-be-forgotten snub. Addressing him by name, before all the company, he said, "When I want the Bath —" (referring to Mr. —'s particular business) "I will send for them." There was an undignified exit.

I have seen his Grace raise his hat to a poor fellow breaking stones on the road, and I have also seen him give the merest shadow of a bow to a facetious country squire. Some twelve months ago I was at Yate Station, chatting with the Duke, who had just driven me back from the Sodbury Board of Guardians. We had not been the length of the platform ere a heavily dressed young man came bouncing out of the booking office. Catching sight of the Duke, he rushed forward, and, without any apology for interrupting the thread of our discourse, he drawled out, "Ah, your Grace, how d'ye do, how d'ye do? Beastly hot day, 'pon my soul!" Turning on his heels, the Duke looked at the young swell beside him, as if he was investigating a rare plant or curious biped, and then said, "Thank you, sir, I'm quite well. As you say, it is a hot day." Without regarding him further, his Grace calmly turned again, and resumed our conversation.



On the bench, his Grace was most indulgent, and it was often due to his kindly spirit that many a "poor beggar" (to use his own words) was given another chance. I recollect being at the court-house one day, not long since, when a poor girl was being examined by counsel, and occasionally badgered in the orthodox way. The witness got confused, contradicted herself, and felt her position most acutely. The Duke watched her for some time, and it was evident his sympathies were with her. Turning to counsel, he said, "Why, this poor girl scarcely knows where she is!" Counsel argued that he was not exceeding his prerogative, and that if it had not been necessary for him to adopt such a mode of examination he should not have done so. "That's just where you and I differ," said his Grace, and he looked so thoroughly in earnest that counsel, in deference to his wishes, did make matters easier for the poor girl whom he had previously led into such an awkward *impasse*.





FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY BENJAMIN KIMBALL.

See article in this issue.

**FRANCIS PARKMAN.**